The North Carolinian.

Office—'North Carolinian' Bl'd'g, Main St., One door east of the Albemarle House.

TERMS—$2.00 a year, in advance; if not paid in advance, $2.50 will be charged.

Rates of Advertising:

	1 in.	2 ins.	3 ins.	4 ins.	¼ col.	½ col.	1 col.
1 week	$1.00	$1.75	$2.50	$3.00	$4.00	$7.00	$12.00
2 weeks	1.75	3.00	3.50	5.00	7.00	12.00	20.00
4 weeks	2.50	4.00	5.00	7.00	10.00	15.00	24.00
8 weeks	4.00	6.00	8.00	10.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
3 months	5.00	8.00	12.00	14.00	18.00	24.00	36.00
6 months	8.00	12.00	18.00	20.00	24.00	36.00	60.00
12 months	12.00	18.00	24.00	30.00	36.00	60.00	100.00

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Business Notices in local column, twenty cents per line for first insertion, and ten cents for each subsequent insertion.

Obituary Notices, embracing more than the ordinary announcement of death and obituary poetry, ten cents per line.

Divorce Notices, $6.00

Administrators' Notices, $5.00.

The North Carolinian.

PALEMON JOHN, Editor and Proprietor. Devoted to the Interests of the City, the County and the District. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME VII. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1875. NUMBER 25.

The North Carolinian POWER JOB PRINTING Establishment

Is supplied with all the requisites for doing a first-class Job Printing business, and promptly executes

WEDDING CARDS, VISITING CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS, BALL CARDS, BILLS OF FARE, WINE CARDS, LAW CASES AND POINTS, POSTERS, HANDBILLS, PROGRAMMES, BILLHEADS, FANCY SNOW CARDS, DODGERS, STATEMENTS, PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BOOKS, &c.

In the latest and neatest styles, and at the lowest prices. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Elizabeth City Directory.

DR. JAS. N. BUTT, Physician. Attends to office practice. Cor. Main and Fearing Streets.

W. F. & C. C. POOL, Attorneys at Law. Office, Main Street.

DR. R. H. McINTOSH, Physician. Office, Road Street.

W. L. REED, Attorney at Law, Manteo, Roanoke Island, Dare County, N. C.

JAMES L. BALL, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office east side Road Street, three doors from Main.

J. Q. ETHERIDGE & BRO., Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, etc. Southeast corner Road and Main Streets.

DR. JAMES N. BUTT, Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, etc. Southwest corner Fearing and Road Streets.

T. T. BUTLER, Book and Job Printer, CAROLINIAN Office, Main Street.

P. W. MELICK, Books, Stationery, Periodicals and Furniture. Water Street.

PALEMON JOHN, Notary Public. Office in CAROLINIAN Building.

DR. R. C. JENKINS, Physician. Office on Main Street.

THE ALBEMARLE BANKING HOUSE, one door east of the NORTH CAROLINIAN Building.

JAMES L. SMITHSON, Practical House Painter. Road Street near Main.

ALBEMARLE HOUSE, PENDLETON & GRANDY, Proprietors. Corner of Main and Road Streets.

W. O. BROWN, Groceries, Liquors, etc., also, Bowling Alley. Main Street, near the Market.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

ELIZABETH CITY.

Charter Election on the first Monday of May. Meeting of the Board of Commissioners, afternoon of the first Monday of each month.

Mayor—J. S. Wilcox.

Commissioners—D. P. John, Jabez Pritchett, T. R. Cobb, Whitmel Lane and Henry Davis.

Treasurer—Hugh Cale.

Attorney—C. W. Grandy.

Clerk—Wm Krause.

Constable—J. H. Mickill.

Postmaster—W. A. Price.

CHURCHES.

Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, and Zion (colored). Services in each every Sabbath.

LODGES.

ACHORZE LODGE No. 14, I. O. of O. F.—Meets every Thursday evening.

TALULA ENCAMPMENT No. 8, I. O. O. F.—Meets on the second and fourth Tuesday in each month.

GRAND UNITED ORDER OF O. F.—Meets alternate Thursday nights.

MASONIC.

EUREKA LODGE meets on every Monday night.

PASQUOTANK COUNTY.

Sheriff—John T. Price.

Clerk Superior Court—Miles Commander.

Treasurer—Thomas M ades

Register of Deeds—Thomas P. Wilcox.

Surveyor—Kader Perry.

Commissioners—D. P. John, George W. Brothers, A. P. Stafford, Emanuel Davis and B. B. Johnson.

Attorney—W. F. Pool.

Representative—W. J. Munden.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Tenth Monday after the first Monday in March and October. County seat, Elizabeth City.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT

Composed of the Counties of Pasquotank, Perquimans, Camden, Currituck, Dare, Tyrrell, Hyde, Beaufort, Washington, Bertie, Hertford, Chowan, Martin, Gates, Pitt and Pamlico

FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Is composed of the Counties of Pasquotank, Currituck, Camden, Perquimans, Chowan, Gates, Tyrrell, Hyde, Dare.

Judge—Hon. Mills L. Eure, of Gatesville.

Solicitor—J. P. Wheelbee, of Elizabeth City.

Professional & Business Cards.

C. C. POOL. W. F. POOL

C. C. & W. F. POOL,

Attorneys at Law,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

Practice in all the Courts of the First Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State. Prompt attention given to cases in the Supreme Court.

C. W. GRANDY, Jr.,

Attorney at Law

AND

GENERAL COLLECTOR,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

Office—North of Main Street.

THE

Albemarle Bank

AT

Elizabeth City, N. C.

THORNTON CONROW, President.

R. F. OVERMAN, Cashier.

Board of Directors:

THORNTON CONROW, PALEMON JOHN, D. C. LIPPINCOTT, D. G. BUSH, W. F. MARTIN, C. W. HOLLOWELL.

Deals in Exchange, Sight Drafts Gold and Silver Coin, Government and other Securities, etc.

T. D. PENDLETON. J. P. GRANDY.

THE

Albemarle House,

PENDLETON & GRANDY, Proprietors,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

This HOTEL is centrally and pleasantly located is large, commodious and elegantly fitted up for the comfort and convenience of guests.

Special attention is paid to the traveling public. Care is taken to supply the table with the best the market affords.

Terms—$2.00 a Day.

DR. R. C. JENKINS,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Elizabeth City, and to the inhabitants of that portion of Pasquotank County around and near Elizabeth City. An experience of twenty-five years justifies him in believing that he is familiar with the diseases peculiar to this locality. Obstetrics and diseases of females a specialty.

Office on Main Street.

House, Sign AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

The undersigned has resumed the business of House, Sign and Ornamental PAINTER, and respectfully tenders his services to the public in that line of business.

His reputation as a Painter is well known in this and the surrounding counties; and the promptness with which he has heretofore acted, and the faithfulness with which all work intrusted to him has always been done, he hopes will again insure him a liberal patronage.

THOMAS R. BLAND,

Elizabeth City N. C.

THE ELIZABETH CITY Bakery & Confectionery Store

Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies always on hand. Also a good variety of Candies, Fruits, Nuts, Figs, Raisins, Pickles, Crackers, Cheese, Butter—in short, everything in the Bakery or Confectionery line always on hand. Families supplied with Bread, Cakes and Pies on reasonable terms. Come and see.

WILLIAM STEGER,

Road Street, ELIZABETH CITY.

HAVING SECURED THE SERVICES

Of the best mechanics in each of the departments, and giving my own particular attention to all work done at my shop, I feel safe in saying that my work will compare favorably with that of any of the large cities. All I ask is an examination of my work to convince those in want of any kind of a

VEHICLE

that this is the place to buy them.

REPAIRING

Done at short notice and at reasonable rates Give me a call.

JNO. S. WAUGH,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

WAGON SHOP.

MANUFACTURER OF

FARM and SPRING WAGONS, CART WHEELS, &c.

Those in want of anything in my line please give me a call.

J. F. SANDERS,

Main Street, ELIZABETH CITY N. C.

JOHN Q. ETHERIDGE & BRO.,

Elizabeth City, N. C.

DEALERS IN

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, VARNISHES,

Perfumery & Fancy Articles.

All Staples connected with a first class Drug Business will always be found on hand.

☞ Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Livery Stables

AT

Elizabeth City, N. C.

The subscriber takes this method of informing his old friend and the public generally that he is still at the "old stand" and continues to keep horses, buggies, carriages, etc., for hire. Persons accommodated at all times and on reasonable terms. Remember the place—on

ROAD STREET,

Near the Canal Bridge.

C. B. BROTHERS.

JONES' Livery Stables

AT

Elizabeth City, N. C.

I would announce to my friends and the public that I am still at the old place on

MAIN STREET,

A few doors west of Road, and keep horses, buggies, carriages, etc., for hire. Persons promptly accommodated at all times and on reasonable terms.

ARTHUR L. JONES

TO SPORTSMEN!

The subscriber would announce to his friends and the public that he continues at the old stand on

ROAD STREET,

And keeps on hand a good assortment of

GUNS,

Rifles, Pistols, Sporting Apparatus.

And also a fine selection of

CUTLERY.

He may at all times be found either in his Store prepared to accommodate customers with New Goods, or in his shop adjoining, willing and happy to repair any article in his line of business

CEO. W. BELL.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

Broad Street, ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

Having had over a dozen year's experience I flatter myself to be able to give full satisfaction. My instruments and material are all of the very best. My sky-light is of the latest improved, enabling me to take pictures in cloudy weather as well as clear. All work guaranteed or the pictures taken over or the money refunded.

WM. C. DAWSON.

Dr. RUFUS K. SPEED,

Has his office in J. Q. Etheridge & Bros. Drug Store, corner of Main and Road Streets. Elizabeth City. Messages left for him there will receive prompt attention.

January 1st, 1875.

THE ALBEMARLE SALOON.

This elegant establishment in the Albemarle House, is now under the control of

JOHN DETRICK,

Of Norfolk, who proposes to keep a first-class

Lager Beer Saloon,

Keeps New Ark Sparkling Cider, and D. Parker's Gates Co. Apple Brandy, and dispenses the choicest of delicacies in this line. The celebrated BEER of Thomas Beck & Son will be kept. and pure Gibson and other Whiskys, besides any good Liquors, Cigars, or Chewing or Smoking Tobacco that may be desired.

He invites a call from every one.

Domestic Bliss.—A Fragment.

I am
A married lady of thirty odd.
Every evening I see in their beds
A "baker's dozen" of curly heads.
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter patter of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread and butter;
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
Twenty-six little hands, with doing something wrong,
Till I fain am to do,
With an energy, too.
And when my poor husband comes home from his work,
Tired and hungry, and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies, all in a breeze—
Johnny is crying,
And Lucy a-sighing,
And worn-out mamma, with her hair all a-flying;
Strong and angry William beating little Nelly;
Charley in the pantry eating currant jelly;
Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday coat;
Harry at the glass with a razor at his throat;
Robert gets his fingers crushed when Susy shuts the door,
And mitigates their aching with a forty-pound roar;
Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin,
Throwing in his mite to the universal din.
Alas! my lord and master being rather weak of nerve, he
Begins to lose his patience in the stunning topsy-turvy,
And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for shelter,
And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.
I'll give you my name, lest you find me a myth:
Yours, respectfully, Mrs. John Smith.

THE YOUNG BALLOONIST.

A Story of France.

It was a very unfortunate thing. At the very last moment, when everything was ready, Killick the balloonist met with an accident and could not go up in the balloon.

It would seem the most natural thing to apologize to the crowd and have the affair postponed until the balloonist recovered, but the unfortunate fellow declared that the mob would not submit to this, and to my surprise proposed that I should go up in his place.

I had made one or two trips with him and had learned from him to manage the valves and ballast, the rudiments of the art of ballooning. I was young, active, and had a steady head, and the owner of the Defiance was quite willing to intrust her to me, if I would so far oblige him.

A rich landed proprietor of the neighborhood—a vain young man, with a taste for notoriety—had offered fifteen louis-d'or to be taken up as a passenger; and to disappoint M. Victor de Villeneuve and lose three hundred francs was also an unwelcome contingency.

With scarcely a thought of the result I said I would go. M. de Villeneuve was not to arrive till the last moment, when up we would go.

I was now in the rocking, swaying car, and, stooping down, I ascertained that the bags of ballast, the coil of spare rope, the flags, and telescope were at my feet; then I assured myself that the grapnel was provided with its tough cord, and the whizz of a rocket and a descending shower of colored spangles of fire gave a warning note of preparation.

Rockets now soared aloft, amidst the huzzas of the crowd, and then, springing from the driving seat of a light open carriage drawn by a gray horse, there appeared the figure of a stout, well-dressed man, who elbowed his way so quickly through the throng that I had scarcely time to conjecture that this must be the volunteer companion of my aerial voyage, M. Victor de Villeneuve, before he scrambled into the car, and was at my side.

"Let go!" he cried, in a sharp, imperious tone, to the men who held the ropes.

A voice raised in accents of command seldom fails of its effect, however questionable may be the right of him who uplifts it, and the men addressed, in their astonishment, mechanically obeyed. The balloon rose a little, nothing now restraining its upward flight save the trigger-cord, firmly moored to a post below, the spring being in my grasp.

"Off we go!" exclaimed the passenger, with a jovial laugh that had scarcely the ring of honest mirth in it.

Perhaps M. de Villeneuve, for all his swaggering deportment, was ill at ease as to the results of our voyage, and strove to carry it off gayly; such were my thoughts as the Catherine wheels began to revolve in cascades of whirling fire and the crowd to cheer. It was the moment for our start, but I hesitated to pull the trigger, for now a strange bustle and confusion below attracted my attention.

A mounted gendarme, his saber and carbine clanking, had ridden up at the full gallop on his reeking horse, followed at some distance by three others, who spurred furiously forward. There were a few hurried questions, then a smothered outcry, a roar of voices, and a swaying backwards and forwards of the excited populace.

I looked down at the crowd of upturned faces.

"Stop! stop! Englishman, stay!" cried out the brigadier of the foot-police.

"Let go, fool!" thundered the man who sat beside me in the car.

"But it is the police that"—I began, thinking that M. de Villeneuve had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"Come down! stop—haul the rope!" was the shout from below; but as the words reached my ear my companion bent forward. Something flashed in his hand—a dagger-knife—and the cord was cut, and the balloon darted upwards.

"In the name of the law—ah! you won't!" cried a gendarme, discharging his carbine, an example that was followed by his comrades; but the balls whistled idly by, while we rose and rose until the inn and the gardens and the shouting crowd and the sputtering fireworks had diminished to pigmy size, and presently disappeared altogether, and the balloon rode on, solitary, through the fields of air.

"A singular salute our friends gave us, eh, when they bade us bon voyage!" said M. de Villeneuve, with a chuckle that was incomprehensible to me.

The moon, half full, had now risen, and I could see the face of my companion—the swarthy, keen face of a man forty years of age, with short dark hair, slightly grizzled, fiery black eyes, and very white, strong, sharp-pointed teeth, which gave him, when he smiled, somewhat the expression of a laughing wolf. He was a man of powerful frame, and the fingers of the gloved hand which he now laid upon my arm were as strong and supple as steel.

"Avow," said this strange passenger, with a grin that an ogre might have envied, "avow that you take me for a queer specimen of the French provincial gentry! But first, how comes it that Killick is absent, and one of your age has the honor to be my pilot?"

I told him briefly and in offended tones what had occurred. "We must now," I added, "look out for a place to descend, for the wind is freshening, and"—

"Let it freshen!" rudely interrupted M. de Villeneuve. "Sets fair for Spain, does it not?"

"For Spain?" I echoed, in surprise. Could this self-conceited country gentleman really deem that we were bound on such a journey as that? I could not help laughing as I said: "Why for Spain, monsieur?"

"Well, Italy would have served me as well had the wind been a westerly one. Ha, lad, what are you about that you finger that rope?"

"I am opening the valve above," I answered, coldly, because it is time now to sink to a lower level and descend"—

"Descend, eh?" briskly put in my fellow-voyager. "We may as well understand each other at once. Hands of that rope, I say, if you would keep the roof on your skull," he added, threateningly, as he drew a revolver from within his waistcoat, and deliberately pointed the barrel at my head. "I'll show you who's captain up here."

My brain reeled and my blood ran cold as the horrid thought flashed upon me that I was, at that fearful height above the earth, in company with a madman. Nothing surely save insanity could account for the extraordinary behavour of M. de Villeneuve.

But I suppose I put a tolerably good countenance on the matter, for my formidable companion laughed again, but less ill-naturedly, as he said:

"You face it out well, boy. I like a youngster who shows a heart somewhat bigger than a chicken's. And I'm not so bad as I look—never do this!"—he drew his hand as he spoke edgeways, with a meaning gesture, across his throat—"when I can get my little profits by quieter means. But you stare at me as if I were a mountebank selling quack medicines. Can you guess why those gendarmes were so peremptory an hour ago? Because they wanted the pleasure of my company back to Toulon, that's all. Did you never hear of Risque-son-cou?"

And then I remembered to have seen a paragraph in a local paper announcing the escape from Toulon of a criminal of the worst and most dangerous type. And here was I, Edward Holmes, artist, voyaging by night in a balloon, in company with a runaway galley-slave, well armed with knife and pistol, and more than a match in strength for me, even had he been less well provided!

My terrible companion was only too much disposed to be talkative; and as we swept onward before the freshening wind, he was kind enough to favor me with a few brief anecdotes of his past career, in which the jocose and the horrible seemed to mingle in cynic confusion. He told graphically of the ten days of hardship and hunger which he had endured while skulking among the rocky hills by night, and lying hidden among thorny brakes by day, until at last he broke into a paean of triumph in relating how he had encountered and robbed the true M. de Villeneuve on his way to the village *fete*.

"Twenty shining naps in his purse, the idiot!" he said, exultingly, and three thousand francs, besides, in notes. Well, well! I left him gagged and bound to a tree, after I had taken the freedom to change clothes with him; and there he stands, no doubt; trembling, but fortunate to keep a whole skin. And I found in his pocket the letter of M. Killick, promising to take him as a passenger in the balloon here; and so"—

And so the idea had presented itself to this daring and ready-witted ruffian to personate the victim of his recent robbery, and thus to procure the means of flight in what was certainly an unexampled fashion, while I was the luckless scapegoat of his audacious enterprise.

Meanwhile the wind, as I have said, was rising, and as we hurried on I looked downwards, and saw by the shimmer of the moonlight on the tremulous waves that the sea was below us. I could not forbear from an exclamation of dismay.

The desperado at my side also looked down.

"Bah! sea or land—what matters it?" he said, recklessly. "Throw out ballast; do you hear me?" and unwillingly I complied.

The balloon instantly rose, and it soon became perceptibly colder, so that I shivered, and had to chafe my hands together to prevent them from stiffening. My companion's iron frame showed no signs of suffering from the abrupt lowering of the temperature; but after a time the Defiance seemed to be nearer to the sea, for I heard the low roar of the waves; and then Risque-son-cou impatiently flung out another bag of ballast, and we rose.

"If we come down in France, my young friend," said the strident voice of the escaped convict, as we floated through masses of misty vapor, the condensed moisture of which wetted me to the skin, "you may bid adieu to whatever home ties and British affections your insular heart may cherish. It's no fault of yours, you will say, if the wind carries this flapping *gas-bag* to Poiton or the Nivernais. No, but is Risque-son-cou to wait while the young Englishman ravels to the nearest brigade of gendarmerie to give notice that his fellow traveler was Peter Paul Grincheux? Thank you. I prefer to keep my own counsel. So sure as we drop where Napoleon is emperor I prove that one can keep a secret better than two."

"There's something wrong with the valves," said my companion, roughly, an hour later; "the gas is coming down, and we are sinking. It's for you, aeronaut, to ascend the netting and stop the escape of gas."

I was very reluctant to obey. To climb the netting of a balloon, when at a great height above the earth, is never a very pleasant task; but to do so, leaving behind me a ruffian who might at any moment pistol or stab me as I descended, thus relieving himself from an inconvenient witness, was indeed irksome. However, Risque-son-cou evinced such vehement pertinacity that at last I complied; and having adjusted the valve, crept back to the car, sick and giddy, but unhurt.

The moon had faded away. There were pale crimson streaks in what I took to be the eastern sky, and below lay piled up gloomy masses of black cloud, through which gleamed at intervals something white and lustrous, like the marble pinnacles of the cathedral at Milan.

"We're steering straight. Fatality; for once, befriends me," exclaimed the desperate sharer of my journey, "for those are the peaks of the Eastern Pyrenees. Chuck over ballast, boy, don't let us ground on them."

We were, in reality, floating amongst the serrated summits and snow-clad mountain-tops of the huge chain of mountains that form a natural barrier between Gaul and Spain. Below, the sullen cloud-banks menaced elemental war, and already low-muttering growls of thunder reverberated among the serrated ridges beneath us.

"Throw over more ballast," commanded my ruffianly companion.

I flung out, with some misgivings, the remainder of the last bag of sand and small pebbles, but the Defiance did not rise with its former buoyancy. Much gas had been lost. The once smooth surface of the silk, painted in gaudy stripes of pink and blue, was wrinkled now, and fluttered loosely in irregular festoons. More than once it seemed as though we must be dashed against some one of the towering peaks above which the balloon slowly revolved.

Day had broken; the sun was rising, red and angry, in the stormy eastern sky, and as a current of air wafted the balloon rapidly forward, I could dimly distinguish forest, and meadows, and spurs of wood-clothed hills, lying to the southward of us. The snowy peaks, rosy-pink in the morning radiance, were being gradually left behind us.

"Hurrah!" cried out the galley-slave, triumphantly, as he too scanned the landscape. "We're well across the frontier now, and Pierre Paul Grinchuex is as safe as any other Frenchman from the odious summons to trudge back to the chain-gang. Thank your stars, Englishman"—

A stunning peal of thunder cut short his boastful discourse, and as it did so the Defiance heeled over, and was driven like a dead leaf before the gale, by the sudden rush of a mighty wind, that bore us almost to the surface of the ground, and hurried us along with headlong rapidity.

What was that, like a river of glancing water, on the dusty high road beneath us, the yellow road like a ribbon winding amid rocks and thickets? Troops on the march, no doubt, the sunlight glinting on their bayonets. I could see that as we approached they came confusedly to a halt.

"Again, hurrah!" shouted the galley slave. "A cheer, noble Spaniards, for your guest, Pierre Paul, now safely"—

As he spoke I saw the earth very near us, saw the soldiers run to right and left, as though to clear the way for our passage, and then, with a sickening crash, the balloon and the car seemed to strike against a rock, and a thousand sparks of fire filled my bewildered eyes, and then all grew dark.

"He'll live, this one, never fear," said a cheery voice speaking in the Spanish language, which I partially understood, as I awoke to find myself lying upon a truckle-bed in a wayside cottage, surrounded by a group of officers, while a regimental surgeon was feeling my pulse. "Only a couple of ribs the worse, I think!"

"And—and the man that was with me?" I asked feebly.

The doctor nook his head.

"Not your father or your brother, I trust, Caballer?" he said. "Ah, then, I may tell you hat his head was dashed against a rock and his neck—a tough one, by-the-by—very effectually dislocated."

And so it was. Risque-son-cou had shared the proerbial fate of the pitcher that goes too oten to the well.

Strange to say, my fortune was, to a qualified extent, made by the accident which had so nearly put an end altogether to my worldly anxieties. The kind protectors who had picked me up, a wayworn stranger, with two ribs broken, by the roadside, had me conveyed along with them on a litter to the garrison town of Girona, whither they were bound, and in the military hospital of this place I was cared for, until youth and a robust constitution enabled me to get the better of the fever that ensued. My story was noised abroad, and all Barcelona seemed eager to sit for its portrait to the young English artist who had visited Spain in so singular a manner; and these, with good professional recommendations, I passed on to Madrid, Paris, an London, and have never since known the actual pressure of want.

I afterward heard that a subscription set on foot at Marseilles compensated M. Killick for the loss of his balloon, but he and I ever met again.

Wht Smoking Costs.

Says the Worcester (Mass.) *Palladium*: Probably not many who smoke cigars regularly are aware of the expensiveness of he habit. They whiff away their Havana without a thought of what the practice is actually costing them. It is only five cents or ten cents a time, and so they indulge, unconscious that they are converting houses, lands, capital, and the essentials of life, into smoke. But let us look at it in the light of arithmetic. Suppose you should save the money you pay for cigars and put it into the savings bank where the interest will be compounded semi-annually—have you the slightest idea of the amount of such savings in the ruof years? Beginning with the lowest daily cost of the use of tobacco: two and three-quarter cents a day deposited as above will amount to $10 in a year, to $130 in ten years, and to $2,900 in fifty years. How many smokers, who have been in the habit for fifty years, have kept themselves down to two and three-parter cents a day? If you should lay aside in the same manner five and one-quitter cents per day, it would amount to $20 in a year, $260 in ten years, $5,800 in fifty years. Saving likewise eleven cents daily, you will have $40 at the end of the year, $520 in ten years, and $11,600 in fifty years. This last sum, if saved by the young clerk, in a single decade would leave him quite a little capital to invist in some legitimate business. And many poor young men are spending eleven cents daily for cigars and tobacco! But let us step up higher. Laying aside twenty-seven and one-half cents per day you save $100 in a year, $1,300 in ten years, and $29,000 in fifty years. In the same ratio fifty-five cents a day foots $200 the first year, $2,600 in ten years, and $58,000 in fifty years. If you should save $110 a day, it would leave you $400 at the end of the year, $5,200 in ten years, and $116,000 in fifty years.

Now we ask the earnest attention of smokers to the above figures, and put the question whether they can really afford to indulge in a practice so costly. Take the eleven cents a day. The sum at the end of the year would leave you forty dollars, enough to pay the bread bill for quite a family. By studying the above can you not see how you are unconsciously sending off into space to make the circuit of the globe money that would purchase a good homestead, and leave you something besides to make comfortable your old age? We recommend to all smokers to take an evening, sit down with their families, and consider whether they can afford to smoke; whether their happiness, their future propects and their respectability would not be greatly enhanced by a total discontinuance of the odious practice.

The Agreement.

A resident of Detroit, says the *Free Press*, secured a place for his boy to learn a trade a few weeks ago, having a written agreement with the manufacturer. The boy proved very destructive on machinery and window glass, and finally, the other day, the manufacturer called upon the father and said:

"I can't keep Henry any longer. His recklessness has cost me over $200 in four weeks."

"What's the matter?" inquired the father.

"Why, he has broken over twenty panes of glass, for one thing, and the other day he destroyed a piece of machinery which cost me $140."

"He did, eh?"

"Yes, he did."

"Well, when I go home I'll look at our agreement," said the father. "I don't think there is any clause in it which says he shan't break windows or machinery but I'll look to make sure!"

THE PACIFIC DISASTER.

The Story of the Supposed Only Survivor of the Sad Affair.

The loss of the steamer Pacific on the Pacific coast was one of the most frightful disasters that has occurred for a long time. Over two hundred lives were lost. The supposed only survivor of the disaster says:

I took a cabin passage on the Pacific from Victoria, leaving about a quarter past nine o'clock Thursday morning, the 4th inst., with about two hundred people on board; steamed all day against a southwestern gale, the crew constantly pumping water into the boats to trim the ship; the boats abaft the paddle boxes had no oars in them, the other boats had oars. Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, while in bed, I heard a crash and felt a shock as if we had struck a rock; heard something fall as if rocks had fallen on the starboard bow; the bell struck to stop, back and go ahead; went on deck; heard voice say: "All right, we have struck a vessel;" saw several lights at a distance; they were colored, but I paid but little attention to them; returned to the cabin; noticed that the ship took a heavy list to port. Went on deck to the pilot house, and I heard some one say: "She is making water very fast." The captain, coming out of his room, asked him if there were any blue lights or guns. He said the blue lights were in the pilot house. Got them and burned five. Noticed the engines still working, but no one was at the wheel.

Went to the starboard side, forward of the paddle box, where a number of men were trying to get a long boat launched, but could not. Went to the port boat, forward, and helped five or six women into it; tried to get the boat off but could not move it; there were about twenty women in it; heard that the boats abaft the paddles had been got off, but did not see them; think it was about an hour after the steamer struck; when she listed so much the port boat was in the water; I was in the boat and cut it loose from the davits; the boat filled and turned over; I got on her bottom and helped several up with me; immediately after the steamer seemed to break in two fore and aft. The smokestack fell and struck our boat and the steamer sunk.

I think about all the women were in our boat and fear they were all drowned while the boat upset. This was about ten o'clock in the evening. The night was not dark, nor the sea very rough, but there was a fresh breeze. Afterward I felt the bottom of the boat and with another man climbed on top of the pilot house floating near; next morning got some life preservers floating by the house and with their ropes lashed myself and companion to the house.

I saw three rafts; the first had one man on it, the next had three men and a woman; could not make out the third raft, owing to the distance, except that there were people on it; think we were thirty or forty miles south of Cape Flattery when the vessel sunk; passed the light on Tattoosh island between four and five o'clock in the evening.

I and my companion were on the pilot house all of Friday until about four P. M., when he died and I cut him loose. The sea was running high all day, the waves washing over us. I sighted a vessel and called to her, and heard persons on other rafts calling, but the vessel did not come near us. Friday night there was but little wind until morning, when the wind and sea rose; I was then within a mile of the shore of Vancouver island; sighted two vessels on the American shore which passed me. About ten o'clock Saturday morning the Messenger picked me up.

Flogging Prisoners.

Across the water, says the New York *Tribune*, the venerable controversy over flogging has received a fresh impetus. Sir Henry James has been making an earnest argument against this mode of punishment for brutal assaults. His reasons are, briefly, that it is a form of torture, that is not a penalty calculated to prevent a repetition of the offense, that it is degrading, that, if applied to wife-beaters, the wife will reap nothing but additional hardship—all of which might be said in a greater or less degree of all punishments. Sir Henry suggests that, if there must be flogging, the man to whom such punishment belongs is the poisoner or the forger, the man "on whom the prospect of excruciating pain is likely to have effect." In the United States all this argumentation has an ancient odor. Only in little Delaware does the whipping-post maintain its ground. It must be between the lines of the Constitution somewhere that the criminal is guaranteed the unmolested pursuit of happiness in his profession. He has more rights usually than the law-abiding citizen, and the preservation of self-respect is an object of the most anxious solicitude. We don't often imprison him, and we seldom or never hang him. As for flogging him—he is much more likely to be elected to the Legislature.

A Strange Prisoner.

One of ex-Gov. Dix's official acts near the close of his administration was the pardon of John Parsons, who had served twenty-three years of a life sentence. His crime was the unintentional killing of a man in a street fight in New York. In Sing Sing he became, through good behavior, a favorite with the keepers, and was often sent to the village on errands, but by his few friends and relatives out in the world he was soon forgotten. He lost, with the knowledge of their disregard, all desire for freedom, grew to regard the prison without regret as his permanent home, and opposed frequent offers of endeavors to secure for him a pardon. Several years ago he was allowed to visit New York alone, and while in Niblo's theater was seen by a keeper, who, supposing that he had escaped, handcuffed and took him back to Sing Sing in spite of his explanation. That was his last absence from the prison, for when the pardon from Gov. Dix was received he wept, declared that if sent away he would commit some crime that would insure his return, and prevailed upon the warden to allow him to stay. A few days ago he died in his cell.

The Presidential Election.

The New York *Herald*, rejoicing at the fact that the Republican and Democratic parties were equally balanced in the late elections, says:

Neither party can afford to blunder in so critical a conjuncture. The increasing body of independent voters will decide the contest when the scales hang so even; and the necessity which each party will be under of bidding for their support should incite each to put forward its best man and make such a declaration of principles as citizens of sound judgment can approve. The next Presidential election will not be a sharp conflict of clashing policies; for the country is nearly unanimous on every topic which will be touched in the party platforms of next year. The contest will probably be decided by the personal merits of the candidates in point of ability, integrity, experience, public services and popular magnetism. It is fortunate for the country that neither party can presume upon its strength and put forward mischievous principles or a vulnerable candidate. The present equality of the two parties is the most hopeful sign of the times.

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

How the Cincinnati Hog is Taken in and Done For—What a Visiter Saw.

By the improved processes of slaughtering, within the brief space of two and a half minutes a hog loses his place in the world as a portion of the vitalized creation and becomes so much bacon, so many spare-ribs and such a quantity of lard. As the process involves the personality of the hog to some extent, we will begin with him in his living, breathing form. He is contained in an immense pen on the ground floor of the building, and there are a good many of him, say five or six hundred at a time. The porcine grunters having had their doom duly sealed, spoken their "last words," and tearfully handed around among their ailing and spared companions a few locks of bristles and mementoes, are driven up a gangway to the slaughter pen, where an able-bodied colored gentleman claps a chain around their hind legs, one at a time, and the pressure of a steam lever jerks the struggling and loudly squealing pig into the air. He is now suspended on a horizontal bar about thirty feet long. The chain by which he is suspended slides along the bar, and before he fairly comprehends the situation another man, gory to his very armpits, plunges a knife into his throat, and taps the life current. He squeals and kicks about half a second, and before the "vital spark has fled" has beside him a former comrade of the pen, who has met with the same misfortune, and, with him, is on the way to meet his Gadarene ancestors. There is a constant line of stuck hogs passing down this elevated bar, and when they get to the end of it they are dead, and are plumped into an enormous tank of boiling water. The great personal pride of a pig-sticker is to have very little if any squealing on the part of a hog after he introduces his knife into his jugular.

The hogs take their post-mortem warm bath, into which they are plunged from the iron rod, eight and ten at a time, and, by means of a revolving iron skid operated by steam at one end of the tank, are thrown out singly upon a large wooden table, on which they are scraped by twelve or fifteen men. They start in rough, dingy and dirty at one end of the table, and reach the other end as clean and white as may be. At the far end of the table one cuts off the head, another flops the bloodless trunk over to the gang below, who "gut" him, hang him up and cool him off with a stream of water. The beheading process is new here, I believe, and comes from acephalous Chicago. It is claimed that by cutting off the head the hog is more speedily cooled, and that the tongue and head pieces are got at a day in advance of the old method. The hams are also "faced" and the inside fat taken out while the hog is still warm, instead of waiting for it to cool as formerly, and the innovation is said to be very advantageous. When the heads have been cut off, the entrails and fatty substance taken out and the hams dressed, the cleaned hogs are hung on runways between the joist of the drying-room and run into that department to cool. Nearly all the houses on the avenue will "hang" about 3,500 hogs on the floor. In this room, when the hogs are sufficiently cool, they are cut up into all the various forms of pork—hams, shoulders, middles, etc., and the men who do the cutting use their knives and saws with the skill and precision of anatomists, cleaning a bone when it is to be thrown away so perfectly that a hungry dog would pass it by in disgust.

Since the adoption of the new method of taking off the heads and "facing" the hams in the killing-room, the cutters work very fast and to much better advantage. To cut up a thousand hogs is now considered only a fair day's work for one man, and in the busy season even more than that amount of work is exacted. All of the houses are supplied with huge iron vats extending from the killing-room to the floor below, in which the fatty portions of the hog are boiled or steamed into lard. An improvement known as "Caldwell's manhead," has recently been made to these vats. It is a manhead in the center of the bottom of the tank instead of at the side as in the old tanks, and its utility is that when the cooking process is complete it is opened and the "chowder" or "slush," as the refuse of the lard is called, drops out at once. The old tanks had to cool so as to allow a man to go into them and shovel out the "chowder," and that generally required two or three hours. When the lard is "done" it is pumped into an elevated galvanized receiver called a "zig-zag," some thirty by twelve feet square, and traversed by gutters aggregating in length nearly four hundred feet. The lard having passed through these gutters passes through a long pipe to another receiver, from which it is drawn into the tierces in which it finds its way to market. The bristles go to the brush factory or mattress-maker; the brains become "head-cheese," the feet are sold at the restaurant as "Irish quail," and the blood flows into a big wooden vessel directly under the killer, is warmed by steam pipes until it congeals into a sort of jelly, and is then readily sold as a fertilizer.

Young Keizle's Awakening.

"My son," said old Keizle, appearing at the head of the stairs with a suspicious looking strap in his hand, "it is now the rose time of morn, and Aurora shines high in the heavens, warming the heart of the lark as he soars aloft filling the air with his melodies. Awake, my son, and breathe thou the freshness of the new-born day!" "Let the world heaven its ocean noise, I ask but sleep," said Tom, as he pulled the bl

NORTH CAROLINA

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL MEN.

CASEMON JOHN.:::::::Editor

Elizabeth City, N C., Dec. 8 h, 1875.

For terms and advertising rates, see first page.

We cannot notice anonymous communication
We require the writer's name and address, not to
publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Communications relative to pay or the interests of
the month, and particularly information relative to the
close solicited.

Always give the name of your Post-office and State,
and the leading Editor letter.

PROMPT PAY.

The Democratic press is eager for some opportunity to arraign the Administration, one day charging that President GRANT or his brother have been implicated in the whisky frauds; another time it is Secretary BOUTWELL. No one, not even the most deluded follower of the disloyal wing of the Democratic party, believes for a moment the malicious charges. The following letter from the Secretary gives in the most positive terms his position. He deserves the hearty thanks of the whole country for the energy and honesty with which the defrauders of the revenue have been pursued:

Washington, Nov. 27, 1875.

To S. P. Dyer, United States District Attorney, St. Louis:

I learn from the morning papers that in the course of the trial of William O Avery, yesterday, a witness mentioned a rumor that I was interested in a distillery or liquor house at Louisville, Ky. Substantially the same rumor was circulated in St. Louis by corrupt officials and guilty distillers, their confederates and friends, last spring, obviously for the purpose of breaking the force of proceedings against them. So long as the matter rested on mere street rumor, or in the columns of newspapers friendly to the "ring," I could not properly take notice of it; but now that it has been dragged into court as appears, at the instance of indicted officials, I deem it proper to request that every person whose name [illegible] given you as having knowledge of such alleged facts, shall be brought before the grand jury and subjected to the most rigid examination. The statement is absolutely and unqualifiedly false so far as it affects me; but I do not desire to allow the matter to rest upon my denial.

I beg to repeat the request, heretofore communicated to you, that these frauds on the Government shall be probed to the very bottom; that every ramification of the "ring" shall be followed in every part from beginning to end, and that no one having connection with, or guilty knowledge of its operations, shall be permitted to escape. So far as this Department is concerned, I ask that every allegation against any officer of it, from its head to its humblest employe, be thoroughly investigated and vigorously prosecuted, if any ground exist therefor. I have read this to the President, who repeats his injunction, "Let no guilty man escape."

B. H. BRISTOW,
Secretary of the Treasury.

AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.

The life and history of a man like the late Vice-President WILSON is full of instruction and encouragement to the young men of this nation. His success an eminent example of what sobriety, integrity and perseverance may accomplish. Thousands of young men, amid the facilities of the present day, and surrounded with prosperous circumstances, are wasting their lives in a hopeless indifference, because they are not born to affluence and great ness. They make no effort to secure an education within their reach, or seek to reach by integrity and ability positions of honor and trust.

No man sprang from more humble origin than HENRY WILSON. No man started lower down. He began at the very bottom of the ladder. Under the most adverse circumstances, by indomitable energy and perseverence, he overcame all obstacles in his way and reached a most enviable position among the truly great of the nation. Called and kept in his country's service he died in the harness and leaves a character unblemished and a work to be felt in its influence for all coming time.

CIRCULATE OUR PAPERS.

The late President LINCOLN wisely and sententiously described our form of government to be "of the people, for the people, and by the people." To be safe and secure, the people ought to be made intelligent, not alone in respect to education but in the principles underlying a Republican form of government. A government such as ours is always in danger from that ignorance which is not merely illiterate, but which shuts out all the widening influences of active knowledge, by repressing enterprise and barring the road to liberalizing influences.

Republicans have been too indifferent in scattering abroad among the masses correct political information. It is too late to do this work after an active canvass opens. It should begin now, during the calm. People will read, will ponder, are open to conviction. The truth properly presented during the next six months will accomplish more among the honest masses than twenty times the effort after the exciting campaign opens. Then see to it that Republican newspapers are circulated as widely as possible.

THE REPUBLIC Magazine for December has been received. It contains an analysis of the Ohio election, a review of the campaign of 1875, an able article on Labor in Europe and America, and other articles of equal interest to those who are interested in Governmental affairs. This sterling monthly is a power in the land, and should be in the hands of every intelligent citizen. Subscription only $2 per year. Send address to Republic publishing Company, Washington, D. C.

One hundred and ten oysters at one sitting called an Eastern Shore man gravewards.—*Ex.*

It isn't safe to devour over a hundred and nine without resting a bit.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The Eclectic for December is an exceptionally good number of a magazine which seldom contains any thing that is not worth the attention of intelligent readers. The article on Money is a gem, to use a familiar phrase, worth the price of the magazine; as the Spectator says, it is "so wise and so humorous as almost to console any one who has none, or at least not much." No story could be more interesting, and yet the real nature and function of money is explained with such facility that even the way-faring man can not fail to comprehend. Col. Chesney's article on The Military Future of Germany is of real value, as the opinion of one of the most competent military critics in Europe. Prof. Owen's paper On Petroleum and Oil-Wells is of special interest to Americans, though it has attracted unusual attention in England; and Gen. Strachey's on The Place of Geography in Physical Science is one of the most important read at the last meeting of the British Association. Other articles, of scarcely inferior interest, are: Cowper and Rousseau; West Indian Superstitions; Michael Angelo; and In my Study Chair. The number is especially strong in poetry. The Children's Bed-Time being one of the most beautiful of recent poems relating to childhood, and A Lapland Legend, a picturesque version of one of the old nature-myths. The interest of Mrs. Alexander's novel Her Dearest Foe is developing rapidly, and Jonathan draws to a close. Lastly, the Editorial departments are filled with miscellaneous good things. Nor must we omit to mention that there is a fine steel portrait of Professor John William Draper.

As the time for selecting next year's periodicals is rapidly approaching, such of our readers as have not yet made their choice, would do well to get a copy of the December, Eclectic and make trial of what it offers.

E. R. PELTON, Publisher, 25 Bond Street, New York. Price, $5 per year; Two Copies, $9; Single number, 45 cents.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

Chief Justice WAITE, of the United States Supreme Court, has written a letter to a friend in Ohio, declining to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency. He takes the very proper ground, that one who has been placed on the bench, at the head of the Judiciary of the United States, should not be even suspected of political aspirations. He says:

"The office came to me covered with honor, and, when I accepted it, my chief duty was not to make it a stepping stone to something else, but to preserve its purity, and if possible make it more honorable as that of my predecessors. No man ought to accept this place unless he shall take a vow to leave it as he found it. There ought never to be any necessity for rebuilding from below. All additions should be above. In my judgement, the Constitution might wisely have prohibited the election of a Chief-Justice to the Presidency."

WIDE AWAKE for December is on hand. The publishers evidently intend that each number shall surpass its predecessor. The number opens with "Kim's Last Whipping," a delightful story by that favorite among the story-tellers, Sophie May. Merrill gives the story an excellent frontispiece. There are also two other capital long stories, "Tim's Partner," by Amanda M. Douglass, and "Five Pounds of Cinnamon," by Holme Maxwell. Besides these, Miss Farman and M. Quad have Thanksgiving Stories, "Out of the Frying Pan," and "Mysie's Thanksgiving." "The Birds' Harvest," is a pathetic little sketch by Mrs. J. D. Chaplin. But it is one of the poems which will especially captivate the children; "Silver Locks and the Bears," by Clara Doty Bates, with six irresistible illustrations, drawn by Mrs. Finley. There are also articles by Ella Rodman Church, Rev. Dr. Chaplin and Dr. Tourjee, "Tarlor Pastimes," by Geo. B. Bartlett, and poems by Josh Benton, Ella Farman, Marian Douglas, and Holme Maxwell, while the "Magic Carpet" is unusually entertaining. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. $2·00 per annum.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.—This best of family newspapers is as fresh and interesting, now in its fifty-third year as ever before; and, indeed, we think it more so. Its letters alone are worth more than the subscription price of the paper. It repudiates all offers of premiums, pictures, &c., and sends to its patrons a splendid family newspaper of the largest dimensions, containing all the desirable news, religious and secular, and an endless variety of reading for young and old, all of which is pure and good. Every family should have it. For specimen copies, address S. I. Prime & Co., New York.

With taxes brought down within the Constitution limit, we can build the Railroad in a few years.—*Injunctionists.*

Let us see. The two leading injunctionists declared, under oath we believe, that "the legitimate expenses of the county annually is about six thousand five hundred dollars." They insist that the "Constitution limit" allows only 26 2-3 cents on the hundred dollar valuation for county purposes. This raises about three thousand dollars. On their own showing then, the county debts must be increased thirty-five hundred dollars every year! This isn't the way to encourage the building of railroads.

Our Senior is in Washington City standing up for the *Times.*—*Windsor Times.*

It is reported that he is there after office. Brother WINSTON isn't so excessively modest as to refrain from asking his party for recognition and patronage.

A cord of wood, a few bushels of potatoes, or a sack of flour, given to some needy family, will lift a man nearer to heaven than ninety-nine long winded prayers.—*Exchange.*

That is so: True religion is manifested more in works than in words. Alas, the race of the Pharisees have not died out.

D. B. HARRIS, the unreconciled Bourbon of Maryland was very anxious to be Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives. He made an appeal to every Democratic Member for support. *The Memphis Avalanche* thus disposes of him:

Mr. Ben. Harris belongs to a class of political lunatics for whom little sympathy is felt in the South. His appeal for the vote of Southern Congressmen will greatly facilitate the work of tucking Benjamin in his little bed."

In this country every man has the right to the full and undisturbed enjoyment of his opinions. The same flag floats over all the same laws protect all. The time was when ostracism and persecution was visited upon those who avowed themselves Republicans, but the day has passed bye when it can influence those who dare be freemen. And the next election will reveal the fact that the Republican vote of the First District has been largely increased.

To-day, the Republican prospects are bright. It is everywhere perceived that if the party is wise it may elect the next President.—*Ex above.*

When papers like the *Tribune* are compelled to admit that the Republican party stands well before the country the future can no longer be in doubt.

Congress convened on Monday, M. C. KERR, of Indiana, was elected Speaker, the first Democrat elected in 18 years. The President's Message was not sent in until yesterday. We'll notice it next week.

The business portion of the town of Danbury, this State, was destroyed by fire on the 15th. Some twenty five stores were burned.

W. M. TWEED, the great New York criminal has escaped.

The Elizabeth City Socialables.

MEET EVERY WEEK.

The following are a few of the questions and answers at last meeting.

QUES. Who was the seventh King of Israel? Ans. Ahab.

QUES. How much ground was covered by Solomon's temple? Ans. Not including the yards and rooms for the Priests and Levites, it was sixty cubits long and twenty cubits wide or eighteen hundred cubits.

QUES. The greatest eating. Ans. The fire, one that got tired of eating raw food.

QUES. If Methuselah was the oldest man now did it happen that he died before his mother? Mrs. Enoch was the second Methuselah and was translated, therefore never died.

QUES. Who was it when solving a problem, or cleaning when finding it out cried "Eureka!" Ans. Archimedes, a Greek mathematician.

Proceedings of City Commissioners.

Commissioners office }
Dec. 6th 1875 }

Board met. Present J S Wilcox, Mayor; Le P John, Jabez Pritchett, and Whitmel Lane, Commissioners.

It was ordered that Dr P John, Jabez P Pritchett and Whitmel Lane be allowed $5 each for revising tax list as ordered by Court.

Ordered that Chas W A Harney be allowed to erect a fish house at the foot of the old Mathews Street on the Creek for the Corporation $3 a year rent.

Ordered that Wm K Ayres and Jas F Pool be allowed $12 50 each for making out tax list.

Ordered that F P Morton be allowed a retail liquor license.

Ordered that Dr P John be allowed $20 for advertising and printing to date.

Ordered that Col W F Martin be allowed $20 for fees in injunction suit and W F Pool $20, and C W Grandy $25 for fees in same and expenses in attending suit at Hertford.

Ordered that Dr J N Butt be allowed $8 80 for printing stationary, &c.

On motion Adjourned.

J. S. WILCOX,
Mayor.

WM. KNAPP,
Clerk.

Dr. Tutt's Expectorant.

This invaluable preparation has performed some of the most astonishing cures that are recorded in the annals of history. Patients suffering for years from the various diseases of the Lungs, after trying different remedies, spending thousands of dollars in traveling and doctoring, have by the use of a few bottles of this truly renowned their health.

A Sojourner at Aiken, S. C., writes:

New York, August 20, 1872.

Dr. Tutt:

DEAR SIR:—When in Aiken last winter, I used your Expectorant for my cough, and received more benefit from it than anything I ever took. I am so well that I will not go to Florida next winter as I intended. Send me one dozen bottles by express for some friends.

ALFRED CUSHING,
23 2t. 123 West Thirty-first Street.

Children are inquisitive bodies. For instance, "What does 'cleave' mean, papa?—"It means to unite together." —"Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?"—"Hem! well, it means to separate."—"Pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem! Don't ask so many foolish questions, child.

Patience used to be represented as a passably good looking girl on a big piece of sandstone. Now it is different. A modern artist fixes Patience up as a country editor sitting on an inverted type box, wishing he had dinner, and waiting for delinquents to pay up their subscriptions.

There are two times in a man's life when he eagerly scans the newspapers once, when he has been in an awful scrape and, again, when he is looking for a puff.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be done; in writing what deserves to be read; and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.

Printers' pi is very indigestible, and the one that makes it would rather see some one else dispose of it than himself.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. S. ACHESON, Physcan and Surgeon, Manteo, Roanoke Island, Dare Co., N. C. 39 v. 6 1yr.

MRS. RACHEL WESEL, Milliner, and Dealer in Fancy Goods and Notions, Road Street. 39 v. 6.

MRS. L. A. OCEN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Shoe Clothing, Hats, Caps &c., Road Street. 39 v. 9.

WANTED.—The Manhattan Manufacturing Company are now organizing their general agencies. Energetic men may secure the control of all sales in specified territory of a staple article. A permanent cash business and a monopoly that may be made to pay $5,000 per annum. For particulars address, with stamp enclosed,

G. A LUMPKIN, President,
24-2t. 147 Reade Street, New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Home Line.

Elm'r ROTARY

Leaves Norfolk every Wednesday night for Elizabeth City. Returning leaves Elizabeth City or Norfolk every Saturday morning.

Good Passenger Accomodations.

Promotes with the Baltimore Steam Packet Co., and connects with the O. D. S. S. Co., at Cycle Line.

Freights carried at lowest rates.

BROOKS & SMITH,
Agents.

25—

C. T. & C. B. MACKENZIE,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Carriages and Wagon Materials,

CLOTHS, ENAMELED CANVASS,

Patent Leather, Wheel and Wheel Timber,

Axles, Shafts Spring Carriages, Bolts,

Seats, Moss, Castings, Varnishes, Damasks, &c.

NO. 533 WEST BALTIMORE STREET,

Baltimore, Md.

25-6m.

It Pays! It Pays!!

What Pays?

IT PAYS every Manufacturer, Merchant, Mechanic, Inventor, Farmer, or Professional man, to keep informed on all the improvements and discoveries of the age.

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Elegant Chromos. We have imported 12 Chromos (worth $1.00 each), size 9x11 inches, finely mounted and we offer ANY FOUR of these gems and BANNER a whole year, all free, for $1.00. These are genuine Chromos, suitable for any parlor. 50 other premiums offered.

A Last Word Reader, remember 1876 is our country's centennial. During this one year do take a NATIONAL, patriotic, wide-awake paper one that is for RIGHT and against wrong; one, that knows no party, no north, south, east or west; but a paper intended for every reader, one that saves money to its readers by exposing the "tricks and traps" of swindledom; and now is the time. You have put it off too long. Send to-day. Now is the accepted time.

SEE, Only 75 cents secures this great paper a year, with four charming Chromos, only 9x100 numbers sent for 15 cents. Specimens (100,000 ready) SENT FREE TO ALL. Send for it now. Costs nothing to see it, send TO-DAY to

BANNER PUBLISHING CO.,
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Great Inducements.

TO MAKE

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In our Building and a change in the business I am compelled to sell off a large portion of the STOCK.

I will therefore offer Great Inducements IN

CARPETS,

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Also a large Stock of the

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Such as

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We have an extra large Stock and will sell them extraordinarily cheap.

H. WERTHEIMER,
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AND
THE WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

The weekly edition of the only daily illustrated paper in the world. It is the great home paper of America.

Subscription price, $2.50 per year.

Among its Attractive Features are: Thrilling serial stories. Choice short stories. The latest news of the globe, in pictures and paragraphs. Racy letters from leading cities and popular resorts of the world. Fashions, to the latest day, described and illustrated in a manner unequalled. Tonics of the times tersely and vigorously discussed. Travels and adventures, with things curious beautiful, and remarkable in nature and life, graphically illustrated and described. Spicy and miscellaneous features, such as go to make up a live, first-class paper for home reading. Unequalled attractions in timely news illustrations and real art pictorial embellishments. With the inducements offered, HEARTH AND HOME is a most excellent paper for which to procure subscribers. We pay agents a cash commission on every subscriber obtained. Circular giving full particulars will be sent on request. Agents require no further outfit than specimen copies of the paper, which will be furnished free, and no special letter of authorization from us to act as agent is required.

Send for specimen copy containing list of prizes offered for clubs of subscribers.

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ADORN YOUR HOMES with BEAUTIFUL *ENGRAVINGS* 20, 50 & 50 cents each. The best opportunity ever offered. Send 15 cts. for a beautifully illustrated Catalogue of subjects.

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POSTPONEMENT
OF SALE OF
VALUABLE LANDS, &C.

THE PUBLIC Sale of Lands advertised in the "Carolinian" to be made on the 15th of December inst in front of the Court House door in the town of Hertford, Perquimans Co., N. C. by R. C. Jenkins is hereby postponed until further notice.

Persons wishing to buy privately until then can do so, (for cash or nearly all cash) at exceedingly low figures. The lands are rented out for the year 1876 to good and reliable tenants, who will cultivate the same free of any expense of the purchaser, thus securing to him a handsome interest on his investment, for the year.

The sale of Chattles advertised to take place at his Durant's Neck farm is also postponed, for unavoidable reasons, to Wednesday, Dec. 29th, at which time and place a small lot of Horses and Mules, with other stock. Farming implements Embracing Horse Powers, Threshers, Cotton Gin and Press, Carts, Plows, &c.; together with a small lot of Household furniture including a few choice Bed-steads, Mattresses, &c., will be offered. Terms Cash.

R. C. JENKINS.

Dec. 1, 1875.

R. H. GRANT— J. N. HINTON.

GRANT & HINTON,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

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HAY, GRAIN & COUNTRY PRODUCE

No. 6 South Water Street,

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Special attention given to the sale of corn Liberal advance on consignments. Refer to Hon. GEO. W. BROOKS, GEO. D. POOL Esq., J. B. GRANGER, President Bank of New Hanover.

23-4t.

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Commission Merchants,

27 & 28 Dock St., Fish Market

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IF you wish to obtain the highest market prices for your Fish and Game, ship to this Firm.

REFERENCES.—National Bank of the Northern Liberties, Third and Vine Sts., Philadelphia, and J. A. Woodard, Edenton, Sam Latham Plymouth, N. C.

23-1yr.

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The great nerve Conqueror, cures Epileptic Fits, Convulsions, Spasms, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases; the only known positive remedy for Epileptic Fits. It has been tested by thousand and has never been known to fail in a single case. Trial package free. Enclose stamp for Circulars giving evidence of cures. Address,

Dr. S. A. RICHMOND,
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Arrival of New Goods

Ahead of the Railroad for

THE "OLD MERCHNT"

IN ANNOUNCING to my customers and the public the tidings of having received my NEW STOCK OF

Spring and Summer

Goods.

Inform them that the Goods are pretty and very cheap, and are within the reach of every body, as I intend to sell them at the very lowest prices to defy any underselling, having bought them in first class houses and the right places.

My Stock consists in part of the following Goods, viz:

GRO GRAIN BLACK SILK
IRISH AND ENGLISH POPLINS,
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ALPACAS AND CASHMERES,
MOURNING BERAGE SHAWLS,
LACE POINTS AND SCARFS
Table Damask & Towelling,
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Linen Lawns & Cuffings,
Parasols, Gloves & Handkerchiefs,

400 pieces Standard Prints,

4-4 wide Bleached Twills
and 1-2 Bleached Goods,
JET JEWELRY.
Also a fine selection of Ladies, Misses and Childrens

SHOES;

MEN'S CLOTHING & CASIMERES,

Hats, Boots and Shoes,

all of which I will take pleasure in showing to any one favoring me with their patronage. All I ask is a fair trial and I will make it to the interest of the customer to give me a call.

S. Weisel.

GREAT MEDICAL BOOK and Secrets for Ladies and Gents.

Sent free for two stamps. Address,

ST. JOSEPH MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
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In Elizabeth City, N. C.,

The subscriber has opened a New Store in

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on Road Street, where will be found a general supply of

Hardware of all Finds,

Builders tools,

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I will put prices down to lowest figures for

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Give me a trial. My motto will be to try to please all.

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The best Household Oil in the World

C. WEST & SONS' ALADDIN SECURITY

OIL.

Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test.
Indorsed by the Fire Insurance companies.

Read the following certificate selected from many others:

Howard Fire Ins. Co. of Baltimore, }
December 23rd, 1874. }

Messrs C. WEST & SON, Gentlemen—having used the various oils sold in this city for illuminating purposes, I take pleasure in recommending your "Aladdin Security" as the safest and best ever used in our household.

Yours truly
A. REESE, Pres't.

It will not Explode.

Ask your storekeeper for it
Wholesale Depot, C. WEST & SON,
113, 115 W. Lombard St. Balto.
11-6m

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

GEO. D. POOL'S COLUMN.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

OF VALUABLE

NORTH CAROLINA LANDS

FOR SALE BY

GEORGE D. POOL,

Real Estate Agent,

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

In presenting my list of lands and other properties for sale, I would say that no section of the United States offers such inducements to capitalists and emigrants, as this section of North Carolina. In longevity and healthfulness it will compare favorably with any where and in easy and cheap transportation of products to market, in pleasantness of climate, in the adaptability of the people, in great fertility and durability of soil, no section can equal it.

There are fourteen steamers—most of them large size—now plying between this place and Norfolk, Va., and Baltimore, making it easily accessible to emigrants, and the facilities of cheap water transportation for farm produce, and other articles, unsurpassed. In addition to these railroad, &c.

A railroad will soon be built from Norfolk, putting this place in direct connection by Rail, with the whole United States. This, together with our great fishing, farming and manufacturing interests, and certain early completion of already projected works of improvement, putting in nearer, cheaper and easier communication with the Ocean, will render this one of the most important commercial, and manufacturing points on the Southern country.

A desirable farm of 200 acres—one third cleared, and the balance covered with the most valuable timber the country affords is offered for sale. It is six miles from a town, one mile on navigable water, has our buildings, is in a good neighborhood, and on a good public road. There is a school within one mile and a church within two miles of the place. The land produces finely, corn, cotton, wheat, oats, &c., and is offered for the low price of $15 an acre on easy payments.

Another farm equally valuable as the above containing 186 acres is offered for sale for $1,600, one half cash, balance in a year with interest. This farm is within one mile of a navigable river, is only one mile from a church and school house, has good dwelling and all necessary out-buildings upon it, is well cleared, and is very productive. It is only six miles from this town, and is within two miles of the town of Nixonton.

A farm 400 acres 2 miles from town is offered for $3 an acre. This is rich land is mostly cleared, and has good buildings. On account of its locality and productions it is very desirable.

A valuable farm of 219 acres is also offered for sale for $7,500, one half cash balance in a year. This farm is two miles from the town of Nixonton, and seven miles from Elizabeth City. It has good Buildings, is on a public road, and in a good neighborhood where school houses and churches are near. Two thirds of it is fine cleared land in high cultivation, and the balance admits in good timber. There is a great bargain offered in this farm.

A valuable farm of 200 acres nearly all cleared is offered for $2,000 on easy payments. This farm is twelve miles from town, is near a navagable River is easy productive, in a good neighborhood, on a public road and very near a church and school house. The only objection to it is a distant purchase. Also a farm of 400 acres 3 miles from town is offered. The land is rich, the buildings are fine and it is mostly in fine cultivation. Price $25 per acre.

A farm of 500 acres in Pasquotank County, 6 miles from town, and one mile from the River, with good new dwelling built in modern style, barn, stables, four tenant houses scattered over the farm, fine water, &c. This farm is situated on the most public road in the County, has 200 acres cleared and balance in splendid pine, oak,

NORTH CAROLINIAN

WEDNESDAY DEC. 8th, 1875.

TO NORTHERN VISITORS.—Elizabeth City is 50 miles South East of Norfolk, Va. Parties coming here from the North should take passage on the Bay line steamers which leave Baltimore at 4 P. M. every evening, and arrive at Portsmouth the next morning in time to connect with the Elizabeth City steamers.

Local and Personal.

Gold in New York 114¼. Cotton firm at 13½c. Corn from 70c to 72c.

Who can remember a day so dark as to have hindered the approach of coming day, or a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent a return of warm sunshine? Surely there must be a "better time a coming."

It never pays to fret and growl when the future claims our foe; the better brad will push ahead and strike the blow. For luck is work, and those who shirk should not lament their doom, but join the play and clear the way that fellow-men have room.

A reporter, being called to account for a statement that a certain meeting was "a large and respectable one" when only one person besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true: for, said he, "I was there and the other man was respectable."

We protest, every impulse of our generous nature demands it—against the insinuation respecting the age of our erudite and gallant townsman PROCTOR. The *Economist* refers to him as having been born "*early* in the present century." Why brother CRIECY, how could you? Have you no regard for a sensitive man's feelings, and upon the question of age Mr. PROCTOR is just in his prime, he is single, and a ladies man to boot. Make yourself honorable. We insist on it or else there'll be ——oysters and coffee for two.

Of course it is true that a rose is sweet by *any* name, but it is the thing itself and not the name that makes it so. A sweet thing should never have a sour name for the obvious reason that names ought in some sort to correspond with the quality and character of the thing it represents. We know a maiden, fair and beautiful, just blooming into womanhood, loved and admired by all, and yet her sensitive nature is unpleasantly ruffled every time she hears her name! In the days of her unconscious babyhood her parents ransacked the Bible and selected a name because it was odd, and "a scripture name too." They little dreamed the time would ever come when their "little girl" would almost shed tears because, in this act of affection, they had not been more thoughtful of the future and selected a prettier, a sweeter name, especially when there were *so many* to choose from. The name *is* something after all. And as it attaches to both girl and woman all through life let parents think of it and be more careful than too many are.

It will require Four Hundred Thousand Dollars *in cash* to build and equip our railroad. Seventy-five thousand of this amount ought to be raised between Elizabeth City and the State line. We say it *ought* to be. It will require combined effort—a pulling *all together*, but it can be done. To secure this, however, the people must be made to feel a confidence that when it is subscribed, responsible parties are ready and willing to treble the amount, and to pay pro rata as the actual work progresses; in other words, that when payments begin to be demanded it will mean that *the road is to be completed*. Let this assurance be given; let it be put in tangible, business shape and the subscriptions can be obtained. If a hundred thousand dollars, more or less, can be raised beyond the State line, take it and apply it toward making up the balance of the sum total needed. Then let the deficiency, whatever it may amount to, be raised by the contractors. We want the railroad. We need it. It is one of necessities. But to place the figures beyond the people's reach will not secure it. It only tends to discourage and disheartem. Gentlemen managers, the matters is in your hands. Your figures are too high. They are beyond our reach. Agree to be satisfied with our "bottom dollar," and the figures we have indicated for this end, will go down to that, and the people will agree to give it, and do it cheerfully.

Upon a petition largely signed by tax payers in different parts of the county and after hearing arguments by Col. MARTIN, C. W. GRANDY Esq and Capt. W. A. HARNEY in favor of submitting the question of making an additional subscription of $25,000 to the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad Company, to the qualified voters of Pasquotank county the Commissioners at their meeting on Monday, by a majority vote, agreed to call an election for that purpose to be held on the 14th day of January next. In the interest of our people and as we firmly believed in the interest of the enterprise we all so much desire we advised a little longer delay in this matter, but we made no effort to influence others. Each member of the Board acted upon his own sense of duty. We hope the result is for the best. We repeat what we have time and again declared, that we need the railroad—it is our only salvation. If Pasquotank must bear more than her share of the burthens to obtain it, so be it. But let the people remember our advice and warning. The emergency did not demand hasty action. Prudent delay would have secured better terms. It isn't a good business operation to give a man a hundred and fifty dollars for a horse who, rather than miss the sale, will take a hundred, nor is it sagacious financial management to pay a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a contract that can be let for a hundred thousand.

The man who sneeringly says "there's nothing in the paper," is the same individual that bores the editor indefinitely, and carries off his exchanges.

Who says the spirit of poetry is dead? It cannot be. So long as there is a woman or a flower the "divine afflatus" can't be exhausted. The following "fragment," which is a heart reacher, proves it:

Her's was a face
Whose occult charm no limner's art
Could steal; whose nameless grace
Elusive was, as light that falls
Where water parts.

A face so fair,
So haunted with sweet mysteries,
It seem'd a face astray from heav'nly scenes,
And not of one who e'er
Had breakfasted on buckwheat cakes,
Or dined on beans.

We may be wrong. We make no claim to infallibility, but we cannot act on public questions until we are satisfied that we are right. Our judgment must endorse our actions. It is not the effects upon the present alone that is to be considered, but the cautious, prudent public servant will carefully weigh the probable influence upon the future as well. Feeling this responsibility, we have resolved to become "fully persuaded in our own minds before we accede to what may result in imposing unequal and unjust burthens upon our people. There will be nothing gained by precipitate action. The emergency is not of a character to demand it. There would have been nothing lost by prudent delay.

Local Briefs:

Sheriff PRICE is at Raleigh making his annual settlement with the State Treasurer.—Rev. J. W. COMPTON left on Monday for his new field of labors. He was much esteemed in this community.—The lumber mills here have not been running on full time for several months. It is thought there will be a revival early in January.—The Knob's Creek road is reported in a bad condition, but the "injunctionists" have made it impossible for the county to afford any assistance or relief.—A couple of Friends from Indiana held meetings in the M. E. Church on Friday and Saturday evenings last.—WHITCOMB's new building on Main Street is being much admired.—When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a man to do something to increase his earthly happiness we would advise him to subscribe for the NORTH CAROLINIAN.—The "Sociables" will meet at Col. MARTIN's this evening.—D. C. LIPPINCOTT and bride arrived on last nights boat.—The Sheriff having received notice of the arrest of Ben. Hinton, colored, who escaped from Newland, Deputy GREEN left this morning to take him in custody.

Local Port-Folio.

The best way to keep house—don't put a mortgage on it. Cat-astrophes—mid-night mews-ical concerts. A fire belle—one of high temper. How to get along—keep rather ahead than behind the times. Very foolish—to send away your mutton because your next door neighbor is eating venison. Hard on old bachelors—these cold nights. A splendid investment—two dollars for the NORTH CAROLINIAN. The road to success—hard work.

Business Locals.

Buckwheat Flour at Fowler's—Best—5c.

Furs awful cheap at Fowlers.

New currants, Raisons, citrons &c., at Fowler's.

Buy your shoes, at Fowler's—Bottom price

N. Y. State Buckwheat flour, butter maple syrup, and potatoes at Brodricks & Smith's.

Brodricks & Smith are selling mighty cheap, go and examine their stock.

"The best goods for the least money" is the motto at Brodricks & Smith the "Fountain Head" for bargains.

Those canned goods, preserves, pickels jellies etc., are luscious. Brodricks & Smith have any quantity of them.

Neighboring Counties.

—Judge MOORE in one of his charges to the grand jury told them to indict every overseer of a road who failed to put up a sign board at every fork or X road. This important duty is quite too much neglected.

—Several new buildings are going up in the town of Hertford. Our former townsman J. M. Whedbee is the contractor. He is a man of energy and enterprise.

—A correspondent from Shiloh, Camden county, informs us that an Odd Fellows Lodge has been established there.

—Sheriff Ferebee inflated the State Treasury last week by paying over Camden's quota $1,911,20.

—Messrs Mathews & Co., at South Mills have their Shuck Factory in full and successful operation. They are shipping at the rate of from twenty to thirty tons per week. South Mills is looking up. When the rail road is built it is bound to be a lively village.

—Everything is reported quiet in Dare. We are asked the best time to sow clover seed. In the spring. Sow it on wheat or oats as the latter will shade it during the early summer.

—At Edenton on the 23rd ult., AUG. M. MOORE Esq., was married to Miss BETTIE WARREN, daughter of Dr. THOS. D. WARREN,

—The Saw and Grist Mills of Baker & Snyder at Camden Court House was destroyed by fire on Thursday night last. The fire was accidental. Insurance only $4000.

—Sheriff Jacocks, of Perquimans, lightened his pocket to swell the amount in the State Treasury last week to the amount of $4.106.72.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Medicine that Cures

IS

VEGETINE.

Taking into consideration the character of its vouchers, the history of its cures and the immense increasing demand, VEGETINE may be safely ranked as the leading medicine of the age.

To Scrofula in the blood, VEGETINE is an infallible remedy, and no person need suffer from tumors, ulcers, and all diseases arising from impure blood, if VEGETINE is used according to directions. There is not a case of Scrofula in existence that VEGETINE will not cure, provided, however the vital forces have not been lost their power of action or that may be said to the contrary notwithstanding.

VEGETINE is pleasant to the taste, mild in its influence, and accurate in its action and disease, as the following unquestionable evidence will show.

PAID NEARLY.

$400.00!!

January 2, 1875.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.:

Dear Sir—When about six months old I was vaccinated. The parties who were vaccinated from the same virus died from the humor it caused to spread over me to such an extent that I was rolled in bran to prevent me from scratching, my person. The disease finally settled in my head. I remained in this condition about twelve years, troubled all the time with sores discharging my head and discharging corruption from my ears. At this time a small kernel appeared on the back of my neck, growing to the size of it to form a tumor form of such immense size I could see it by turning my eyes downward. All this time I was taking various remedies for my blood without any substantial benefit.

I then went to a physician of Boston, who, during his treatment of me 3 months, used the tumor right there, which cost me over $300. This left me with a rough, raw, gaping sore, without at all diminishing the size of the tumor. I was in a sickly, feeble condition. I consulted another physician in Natick, who, after examination, at time proceeded in healing the sore. This reduced the tumor. At this point I commenced using VEGETINE, through the earnest persuasion of a friend. After I had taken this and one bottle I experienced a change in all my bodily sensations. My whole body seemed to feel as though a great change would shortly take place. I soon broke and discharged a pint of matter. From this time it decreased in size until the bunch disappeared, but my neck was left in a very sore condition. By the second spring I am now healthy and strong and able to work every day.

I will also mention that I have been an entire sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism ever since I can remember, until commencing the use of VEGETINE, when almost immediately all miserable pains ceased. As a testimonial of my gratitude for the purpose of benefitting other suffering humanity, and you will confer a favor by giving it as much publicity as thought proper.

Very gratefully,
CHARLES H. SAVELL, Ashland, Mass

What is Vegetine?

It is a compound of vegetable roots, barks, roots and herbs. It is entirely vegetable. It is perfectly harmless to any part of the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood, it cures all scrofulous complaints. It gives you a good, sweet sleep at night. It is a good panacea for our good fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives each nature's sweet sleep—as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It has relieved and cured thousands. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases arising from impure blood. Try it. VEGETINE. Give a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friend, neighbor and acquaintance, "Try it: it has cured me."

REPORT FROM A PRACTICAL CHEMIST AND APOTHECARY.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1874.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have sold at retail 134 1-2 dozen (18.2 bottles) of your Vegetine since April 12, 1870, and can truly say that it has given the best satisfaction of any remedy for the complaints for which it is recommended I ever sold. Scarcely a day passes without some one or more customers testifying to its merits on the lives of their friends. I am perfectly confident of several cases of Scrofulous Tumors being cured by Vegetine alone in this vicinity.

Very respectfully yours,
A. H. NEWMAN,
46 Broadway.

To H. R. Stevens, Esq.

VEGETINE is sold by all Druggists.

MARRIAGES.

LESTER-WESCOTT.—On Sunday, Nov. 28th, by Willis Tillitt Esq., at Manteo, Capt CHARLES LESTER, of New Jersey to Miss MATILDA WESCOTT, of Dare.

WOOD-MILLER—On the 1st inst., at the residence of the bride's father at New Hope, N. C. by W. P. McFarland Esq., GEO. H. WOOD, of Woodville, to Mrs. MARY E. MILLER.

HOWELL-EURE—On Thursday the 18th of Nov. at the residence of the brides father by M. K. Lawrance Esq., Mr. J. E. D. Howell and Miss Ella E. Eure, all of Gates Co., N. C.

GILLILAND—MASON—In the Baptist church, Plymouth, N. C., Nov. 28th at 9½ o'clock, A. M., by Rev. Wm. L. Maget, Rev. David Gilliland of Wilmington Del., and Miss Elizabeth Mason of Plymouth, N. C.

DR. BUTT'S CORNER.

Vegetine to be had at

Dr. BUTT'S

Queen's Delight, one of the very best blood purifier known; Cod Liver Oils, Peck's, Moller's, Burnett's, Wilson's, &c.; Bull's & Ayer's Sarsaparillas, Rosadallis; Simmon's Liver Invigorator in powder and liquid; Plantation, Hostetter's, Orange Grove, Baker's Hoofland, German and Star Bitters; Sea Weed Tonic; Ayer's Hair Vigor; Allen's Hair Restorer; Hall's Sicilian Hair Renovator; Lyon's Katharion; Schenk's Pulmonic Syrup; Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and Ague Cure; Elixir Iodo Bromide Calcium Compound; Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; Allen's Lung Balsam; Sanford's Liver Regulator; Pratt's Killer of Bed Bugs; Helmbold's Fluid Extract of Buchu; Balsam Wild Cherry; Norris' Tonic; Sozodont; Hampton's Vegetable Tincture; Old Nick's Cholera Medicine; Jaynes' Alterative, Expectorant, Tonic Vermifuge, Pills, Liniment and Carminitive; Bachelor's and Richmond Hair Dye; India Cologogue; Tarrant's Seltzer Apparent; Gargling Oil; Radway's Ready Relief; Houseman's Cough Drops; French Dressing for Mustang Liniment; Perry Davis' Pain Killer; Mother Noble's Syrup; Dr's Cure for Consumption; Dobing's Kidney Remedy; Magnolia Balm; Foutz, Robert's and Fickard's Horse Powder; Old Nick's Magic Liniment; Sewing Machine Oil; Erasive for cleaning cloths; Fahnstock's, McLane's, India and Lonie Vermifuge; Holloway's and Greensilder's Worm Confections; Ayer's, Schenk's Mandrake, McLane's, Sholls, Wright's, Cephalic, Beckwith's, Brandreth's, Lee's and Shallenberger's Pills; Mitchell's Eye Salve; Pancreatic Emniscon; Forrest's Juniper Tar; Alicock's Porous Plasters; Sulphate Quinine; Sulphate Chinchoma; Sulphate Chinchouidia; Cincho; Quinine and Sweet Quinine; Winslow's Soothing Syrup; Haughton's Pepsin; Sapolia; Coxes Geletine; Flavoring Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry, Raspberry, Pine Apple and Bitter Almond; Mount Eagle Tripoli for cleaning silver ware, brass, &c.; Gray's, McAllister's, Carbolic and Griswold's Salves; Dalby's Pain Extractor; Starr Paper, Congress Water; Harlem Oil; Liquid and Solid Opodeldoc; Tarrant's Cubebs and Copabia Compound; Dye Colors of various shades; Composition; Husbands and Caleine Magnesia; Eureka Toothache Remedy; Old Nick's Toothache Cure; Sages Catarrah Remedy; Thompson's Eye Water; Wheaton's Ich Ointment; McMuns Elixir Opium; Payson's Indelible Ink; Brown's Bronchial Troches; Pocket Knives; Scissors; Shears; Razors and Straps; Spectacles; Colognes and Extracts for the Hankerchiefs; Chest Protectors; Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Shaving and Clothes Brushes; Fine Tooth and Dressing Combs; Black and White Pomatum; Toilet Powders; Paper and Envelopes; Large lot of Account Books; Segars; White Lead and Zinc; Varnishes of various grades; Black Paint; Linseed Oil raw and doubled boiled; Lard, Lubricating and Fish Oils; Chrome, Green and yellow, and all other grades of paints; Window Glass of all sizes; Lamps and Chimneys; Kerosene 150 degrees Fire Test; Spirits Turpentine; Coal Tar.

All the above articles can be had at
DR. JAS. N. BUTT'S, DRUG STORE,
75 Cor. of Road and Fearing Street.

GOOD NEWS!

THE RAILROAD expected to run on Zimmerman's Wharf-where the continual rush is for the best Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, English Syrup, Lime, Teas, Soaps and all kinds of *Canned Fruits* such as Pine Apples, Peaches, Tomatoes, Corn; all at *Lowest Cash Prices*. All can be convinced by calling at

ZIMMERMAN'S Wharf.

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NATIONAL STEEL TUBE CLEANER.

(Published July 28th, 1874.)

Carbon is one of the worst conductors of heat known, a deposit of 1-32 of an inch on the tubes causing a **loss of 15 per cent. of fuel.**

This Tube Cleaner is made of spring steel. Each segment is of itself a spring, and distends in a perfect circle so as to press against the inside of the tube, removing all the carbon and scale without the slightest injury to the tube.

Guaranteed to clean better, last longer, and work easier than any in the market. Adopted and in use by the U. S. Navy. For sale by dealers. Send for circular.

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a clear and simple course of instruction whereby *any one* may easily acquire the mastery of this favorite Instrument, with a few months' study. It will always be a favorite work with the Teacher, on account of its clearness and systematic progression; more than One Thousand (test free).

FOR THE of an amusement than a study for the Pupil, and will prove a mine of wealth to the Amateur, on account of the many choice Melodies, Songs, etc., that Mr. Kinkel has selected and arranged expressly for this work. Kinkel's New Method will be

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Send 50 cents for a Sample Copy of either of the above, and if you are not satisfied with your bargain, we will refund your money.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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ONLY American Organs ever awarded any medal in Europe, or which present such extraordinary excellence as to command a wide sale there.

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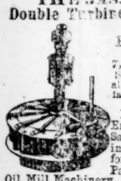

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SUPERINTENDANT'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, N. C.

TRAINS on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad will run daily [Sundays excepted] as follows:

MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Raleigh, ... 9,15 A. M.
Arrives at Weldon ..... 3,30 P. M.
Leaves Weldon, ... 9,50 A. M.
Arrives at Raleigh, ... 3,45 P. M.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leave Raleigh, ... 5,15 A. M
Arrives at Weldon, ... 5.15 P. M
Leaves Weldon, ... 2,20 A. M.
Arrives at Raleigh, ... 2,40 P. M

Mail train make close connection at Weldon with the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad and Bay line Steamers via. Baltimore, to and from all points North, West and Northwest, and with Petersburg Railroad via. Petersburg, all points and Washington City, to and from all points North and Northwest.

And at Raleigh with the North Carolina Railroad to and from all points South and Southwest, and with the Raleigh & Augusta Air Line to Haywood and Fayettville.

A. B. ANDREWS,
49—tf. Gen'l Superintendant.

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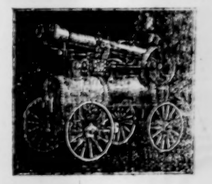
BELIEVING as I do that this Factory turns out strictly first class work, and that within the next ten years all progressive farmers, who cotton gin or, will consider the steam engine as much a necessity as the horse power has been heretofore, the economy of steam vs. horse power, becoming more and more apparent every year, to all wide awake men. I have taken the agency for the above machinery in the counties east of the Chowan river, and am prepared to furnish at short notice at factory prices with freight added from Hagerstown Md. any size engine and boiler desired, from 2 to 200 horse power, also pumps, governors, shafts, hangers, pulleys &c. Portable engine set up and satisfactorily started free of cost to purchasers.



A 6 horse portable now on exhibition at the shop of J. F. Sanders Elizabeth, City. We do not propose to compete with the miserable *low* price engines now in the market, but propose to sell a strictly first class engine, complete in all its parts, which will perform all we claim for it, with ordinary care and last a life time.

Any information in regard to machinery used in our section, as to prices, best makes &c. furnished on application. Illustrated Catalogue and price list sent to any address and will favor me with their address.

Elizabeth City, N.C. J. W. SAWYER.
June 16th 1875.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Housekeeping Hints.

POTATOES SAUTEES.—Cold boiled potatoes are sliced up, and tossed in a saucepan with butter, mixed with a little chopped parsley, till they are lightly browned. Pure goose or other dripping is by many cooks preferred to butter for this purpose.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—One cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one cup of syrup, one cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of vinegar, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, three cups of water. Boil all together, and when cool add three soda crackers rolled fine. This will make three pies.

TO MASH TURNIPS.—After having been boiled very tender, and the water pressed thoroughly from them, put them into a saucepan and stir them constantly for some minutes over a gentle fire; add a little cream, salt, fresh butter, and pepper; continue to simmer and to stir them for five minutes longer, and then serve them.

LIGHT PUDDING.—Put two tablespoonfuls of sago, tapioca or rice in a pie dish, pour over a pint or a pint and a half of milk; add one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little grated nutmug, if liked; bake two hours in a slow oven; if rice is used, bake three hours.

CHEESE PUDDING.—Grate three ounces of cheese, two ounces of bread, warm one ounce of butter in a quarter of a pint of milk, and mix with the above, then add two well beaten eggs, a little salt, pepper an l mustard; mix all well together, and bake in a pie dish for half an hour.

BUTTERED EGGS.—Break four eggs into a basin, and beat them well; put three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream (or milk) into a stew pan; add a little grated tongue, pepper and salt to taste. When quite hot add the eggs, stirring all the time. Have ready some hot buttered toast, and spread the mixture over it.

TO DRY PUMPKINS.—Cut the pumpkin through laterally, clean the inside; then continue to cut, in the direction as before, rings about half an inch thick. Cut off the rind and hang the rings on a pole in the sun or warm room to dry. When dried it will keep a year. It is to be boiled in plenty of water until tender; then skimmed out and prepared for pies, the same as undried pumpkins. Another way: Take the ripe pumpkins, pare, cut into small pieces, stew soft, mash and strain through a colander, as if for making pies. Spread this pulp on plates, in layers not quite an inch thick, dry it in the stove oven, which should be kept at so low a temperature as not to scorch it. In about a day it will become dry and crisp. The sheets thus made can be stowed in a dry place, and they are always ready for use for pies and sauces. The quick drying after cooking prevents any portion from slightly souring, as it is nearly always the case when uncooked pieces are dried, the flavor is much better preserved and the after cooking is saved. To use: Soak pieces over night in a little milk, and they will return to a pulp as delicate as the fresh pumpkins.

Hints About Meat.

Pepper is a preventive of decay, in a degree; it is well, therefore, to pepper hung joints.

Powdered charcoal is still more remarkable in its effects. It will not only keep the meat over which it is sprinkled good, but will remove the taint from already decayed flesh.

A piece of charcoal boiled in the water with "high" meat or fowls, will render it or them quite sweet. A piece of charcoal, or powdered charcoal, should be kept in every larder. Ham, after being smoked, may be kept for any length of time packed in powdered charcoal.

Meat should be wiped with a dry clean cloth as soon as it comes from the butcher's; fly-blows, if found in it, cut out, and in loins the long pipe that runs by the bone should be taken out, as it soon taints; the kernels, also, should be removed from beef. Never receive bruised joints.

Meat will keep good for, a long time in cold weather, and, if frozen through, may be kept for months. Frozen meat must be thawed before it is cooked by plunging it into cold water, or placing it before the fire before setting it down to roast. It will never be dressed, through if this precaution is not taken and even when twice cooked.

The leg of mutton is the most profitable joint, containing more solid meat. The neck is an extravagant joint, half the weight consisting of bone and fat. The shoulder has also much waste in bone. The breast does well for kitchen use, finely stuffed; it is much cheaper than other joints. Sirloins and ribs of beef are very extravagant joints, from the weight of bone. The roasting side of the round part of the buttock, and the part called the "top-side," are the most profitable for family eating. The mouse buttock is used for stewing; shin is used for soup or stewing. The usual quantity of butcher's meat consumed in a family is on an average, three-quarters of a pound a day for each person; but when the family consists of ladies and children, half a pound per day is about the quantity consumed one with another, independent of hams, bacon, poultry, fish and game.—*Housekeeper.*

To Destroy Wild Oats.

A correspondent of the *Farmers' Advocate* (Canada) writes as follows as to the best methods of destroying wild oats. He says: I do not agree with the plan of a naked fallow to destroy them, as I consider, if done merely to destroy the oats, it involves the loss of a crop without any necessity for it, for in my experience they will not grow in a naked fallow to any extent, only in a very wet season. A good deal can be done in the way of destroying them by putting in roots, but the plan I most approve of is this: As soon as the crop is off and the field clear take a gang-plow or cultivator and stir the land as lightly as possible, for if buried too deep they will not grow until again brought to the surface, even a good heavy sharp pair of harrows will answer the purpose very well. The grain in the surface being thus covered, will commence to grow as soon as the weather becomes a little damp, so as to moisten the land. Let it stand as long as convenient without plowing, in order that every grain may sprout, then turn under and let lie until spring; this is crop No. 1 gone. In the spring cultivate and harrow again, as early as possible, in order to start the seed brought too near the surface by the fall plowing, and which has lain buried from the previous year. Having done this, let the oats grow till the twentieth or twenty-fourth of May; then plow under and sow at once with barley or buckwheat. This is two crops destroyed, and a good chance to catch some more, should any be left. By the rapid growth of the grain sown, if the land is not in proper order for barley or buckwheat, peas or corn sown together, and cut green for feed, are a very good substitute. In this way no crop is lost, and if followed up it cannot fail to be successful. Care should be taken with the manure to turn after, and have it well heated before taken off the field, otherwise many oats, to say nothing of other grains and seeds of noxious plants, will in this way be spread over the land.

Farm Notes and Hints.

Put your money where it will do the most good—into your best land close at home—in such a way that it will yield an income. If you invest $50 in a weather-cock on your barn it may gratify yourself and the passers-by, but will not add much to your income. A horse that eats nothing costs $150 a year at least, and this is the interest on $2,500 capital. Expensive dwellings and furniture are not good investments of capital.

An acre of asparagus or strawberries, established and maintained at an annual cost, including rent for the land, of $200 an acre and yielding an income of $400, gives 6,200 per cent. per annum, and beats out of sight the promises even of railroads and coal companies; yet if you are not yourself doing this, some of your neighbors are, and more too.

If, by spending $1,000 in drainage and other productive improvements, the farmer permanently increases the income of his field only sixty dollars a year, it is a good investment, and he need not look anxiously every morning in the daily paper to ascertain whether it is lost or not. In annual crops, like market truck, if the use of $100 worth of extra manure will raise $106 worth of extra produce, it is a fair business transaction, as good as the savings bank, but a market gardener expects and often realizes six times six per cent. on such an investment.

Potash in Wheat.

Why is it, says the *Practical Farmer*, when growing wheat or rye is being struck with rust, that a little plot here and there where stumps, logs or brush have been burned to ashes, will be bright and free from the attack of rust? Because the growing plants employ potash and silica not only to give stiffness and rigidity to the straw, but to form, as it were, a glassy coat of mail over the surface of every leaf, glome and straw, to fortify the tender and delicate parts against the attacks of spores that are floating in the atmosphere. We all know how readily substances in the atmosphere are turned away when they come in contact with a glassy surface. Potash and sand are the essential elements of glass. The roots of growing plants have the power to employ the sharpest sand and potash to form a thin, elastic, glossy covering, which is spread over the surface to exclude moisture and to repel any attacks of fungus.

A Lot of Them.

The Toronto *Globe* tells a comical story, with a *denouement* suggestive of one of the complications in "Love's Labor Lost." A good-looking servant girl had, it appears, three beaux to her string, viz.: A military man, a policeman, and an ordinary white man. She had arranged matters so that separate evenings were set aside for each of the ardent young suitors, and three distinct courses of love ra: quite smooth, despite the proverb. One unlucky evening, however, all three visitors chanced to drop in one after another. An interval of very desultory conversation, and embarrassing pauses, was terminated by the pattering of a female foot descending on the stairs. "Here's missis," exclaimed the girl, as she hastily snatched some intricate woolly substance, full of long needles, and was instantly intently engaged knitting, while the three gentlemen bolted into three several adjoining rooms, and all was supposed to be well. But "the missis" happened to want something in the room where the ordinary citizen was, and she encountered Mr. Citizen right there. "What are you doing here? What do you mean by being in this room?" indignantly inquired the missis, and she super-added the threat: "I'll send for the police!" Mr. Citizen, calmly pointing to another door, remarked: "If you want the police, he is in there." The missis flew to the other door, found the policeman, and poured out the second vial of wrath upon him, thus: "You're a nice policeman, ain't you? What do you mean by this conduct? I declare I will send for the military!" "Madam," retorted the policeman, "nothing is easier; if you want the military, you will find him in there," pointing to the third door. Military didn't wait to be unearthed; he promptly came forth, and saluted. There was a slight scream, and a pattering of the female ascending foot on the kitchen stairway. The three suitors went away without the usual ceremonies at the gate.

An Agreeable Story.

"Milk mysteries and a milkman's miseries" is the alliterative heading a New York exchange places over a trial that took place in the marine court. This was a suit for the recovery of $300 from a milkman who had been supplied by a dairyman up in the country. In the course of the trial some interesting developments were made that we apprehend will prove very interesting to all consumers of milk. In the first place, it appears that the employees of the railroads are in the habit of opening cans, taking as much milk as they want, and replacing the stolen fluid with water. If the cans are locked they are broken open, for the milk will be had. Assuming that pure milk is shipped by the dairyman, what must be its condition on arrival in New York, even before it is doctored by the dealers here? But it appears watering is not the greatest of the agents used to adulterate the milk. In summer baking powder, sulphur, and other mild and agreeable tonics are administered in the milk to preserve its tone and prevent it souring. In the course of the trial referred to, it appeared that on one occasion an overdose of baking powder was given a can with lamentable results. During the night the powder began to exercise its leavening functions with such admirable success that the lid was blown off the can and the fluid overflowed the floor. At other times the smell of sulphur from the milk was so strong that the dealer was obliged to throw the fluid away. In consequence of this he refused the dairyman payment, and the suit that was begun in consequence was the medium that brought these pleasant facts to light. Badly-fed cows, water, sulphur, and baking powder combined do not tend to produce pure milk.

A Sudden Death.

The Baltimore *Sun* says that the body of Israel P. Cross was found in a standing position in an alley at the rear of his house in that city. The discovery was made at 7.30 A. M. by a boy, who communicated the fact to his family. Mrs. Cross was shocked upon opening the gate leading from the yard to the alley to find the dead body of her husband resting on it. The head and arms were supported by the top rail of the gate, and the trunk of the body was partly leaning against an opposite fence, the alley being only two feet wide. The legs were firm and chiefly supported the weight of the body. The burial certificate gives intemperance and heart disease as the causes of death. Mrs. Cross states that her husband had been addicted to immoderate drinking. She states that he was intoxicated the afternoon before, and being unable to sleep, sent for an ounce of laudanum, which he drank entirely. This did not bring on the desired repose, and he went out and was not seen by his family until found dead. He was seen on the street about nine o'clock, and was unable to walk. The alley was the only means of ingress to his residence at a late hour, and it is supposed he came home late, and that death resulted while endeavoring to enter the premises. An ounce vial, two-thirds full of laudanum, was found in his pocket, and, as it was carefully wrapped in white paper, it is supposed that none of the contents had been used. He leaves a wife and two young children.

Don't Worry.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from all anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body, for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated on the disease of another. It is found in the hospitals that surgeons and physicians who make a specialty of certain diseases are liable to die of them themselves, and the mental strain is so great that sometimes people die of diseases which they have only in imagination. We have seen a person seasick in anticipation of a voyage ere reaching the vessel. We have known persons to die of imaginary cancer in the stomach when they had no cancer or any mortal disease. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing that he was bleeding to death. Therefore, well persons, to remain so, should be cheerful and happy, and sick persons should have their attention diverted as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and it is by their faith they die. As a man thinketh so is he. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of disease, and if he has little or no attachment to life he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their souls and not by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves, they are only receptacles of life, tenements of their souls; and the will has much to do in maintaining the physical occupancy or giving it up.

The alligator that swallowed a corset is dead. It stayed on his stomach.

A DESPERATE CAREER.

A Rival and an Elopement—The Terror of the Alleganies—A Politician in Arkansas—Exposure, Flight, Rum, and Death.

William Hill, a patient in a private asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, died a few weeks ago. Many years ago there lived in Iredell county, North Carolina, a respected Presbyterian minister named Curry, the pride of whose life was an only son, Nixon by name, in whose training the good man took peculiar delight. The young man won the affections of a young girl attending the same school, and so ardent was their attachment that no rival was suffered to come between them. When the girl reached the age of fifteen, her devotion to young Curry became so manifest that her parents, wishing to secure for her what they viewed as a better alliance, forbade further intercourse between the two. Clandestine meetings were resorted to, and continued for three years. At the expiration of that period, the hand of the young lady was sought by the son of one the Southern statesmen, and her parents tried to compel her acceptance, whereat she eloped with young Curry. The couple were overtaken. Then the young man turned and shot his rival, who led the pursuit, killing him instantly. The young couple then renewed their flight. After a long and heated chase Curry took refuge with his betrothed in the Alleghany mountains, near the head waters of the Catawba, and there, outlawed from society, he became a highwayman, and speedily achieved a dreaded notoriety by the number and character of his daring exploits. The Governor of North Carolina offered $5,000 for his arrest, and many, lured by the tempting offer, tried to hunt him down. Suddenly he was missed from North Carolina. It was supposed that he had died, or that he had changed his base of operations.

One day, at the time of the first settlement of the fertile delta of the St. Francis river, in what is now Arkansas, an immigrant appeared in the district calling himself John Hill. He was a handsome, amiable man, and though having only moderate means, extended a generous hospitality to all who visited his beautiful little home, rendered doubly attractive by the presence of a lovely wife. In a short time he became the most popular man in the settlement, and so he continued for ten or twelve years. He was repeatedly elected to the Legislature, and there he was distinguished for powerful and impassioned eloquence. He became a leader in the ranks of his party, was a member of the convention that framed the State constitution, and represented his district in the Senate of Arkansas.

Hill's most intimate acquaintances were the Strong's, four brothers, men of wealth and ambition. A close intimacy sprang up between them, and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest Strong conversant with his previous history, telling him that he was Nixon Curry, of North Carolina. Strong then requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate, but Hill refused, and the brothers conspired to ruin him. Sending to North Carolina they procured a requisition for his arrest and a copy of the reward offered for his capture. The four brothers, powerful and determined as they were, well knowing the character of the man with whom they had to deal, secured the assistance of a dozen men, and, surrounding his house, attempted to effect his capture. On approaching the main entrance and demanding his surrender, one of them was shot dead, and three others were dangerously wounded, and the attack was abandoned.

The governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for Hill's arrest; and hastily packing a few articles he set out with his wife and children for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of the existence of a band of desperadoes whose members he had reason to believe would protect him. He was overtaken at Conway court house, and halting his wagon and admonishing his wife and children to keep their places he stepped forth in the face of his pursuers, and in a few eloquent words told them why he quit North Carolina, at the same time assuring his pursuers that he would not be taken alive. The gallantry of the action operated in his favor, and the pursuit was abandoned. Constant pursuit had already made him morose and quarrelsome, and he began to drink very heavily and resort to the gambling table as a means of support. One day in September, 1845, while seated at breakfast he told his wife that he had a premonition of death, and felt that he should be killed that day before sunset. Calling his son William, a bright boy of fourteen, he made him swear to kill the man who should kill his father.

The circuit court of Pope county being in session, he attended it with a young man named Howard, who was engaged to his eldest daughter. As soon as they reached the village Hill began to drink, and exhibited an unusual disposition to quarrel. He insulted every one he met, and finally threatened to clean out the court house; he dashed into the court room, to the consternation of judge, jury and lawyers. Young Howard tried to restrain him, but, glaring like a tiger, he turned upon the youth and felled him to the floor, at the same time drawing a pistol, he exclaimed: "Kill me, or I'll kill you!" The man in a moment of extreme anguish, drew a knife and buried it in the bowels of Hill. He died soon after.

Howard quit Arkansas, and several years later was heard of in San Antonio, Texas, where he joined the Confederate forces under the command of Col. Long. At the close of the war he was met by William Hill, who, remembering the oath he had taken at his father's instance, shot the former and fled to Europe. He joined the French army and served through the Franco-Prussian war, but was subject to fits of temporary insanity. Finally his case became hopeless, and he was placed by his friends in an asylum near Glasgow, Scotland, where he recently died.

United States Internal Revenue.

From the report of the commissioner of internal revenue of the United States it appears that the receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1875, have been $110,545,154, or nearly eight millions in excess of the receipts for the year preceding. The increase attributable to the law of March last has been about three millions and a quarter. This, however, has been due rather to the stimulus which the new taxes gave to the manufacture of whisky, etc., and to the wholesale withdrawals from bond in anticipation of the operation of the law, than to the direct influence of the new taxes. Had the spirits in bond at the date of the passage of the act been made liable to the increased tax of ninety cents a gallon, the treasury would have been a gainer by at least $1,400,000. The report enters into an elaborate statement of the methods employed by those engaged in defrauding the government of the receipts from the whisky tax and of the means taken to prevent a recurrence of these frauds. The importance of this branch of the subject may be inferred from the fact that the whisky frauds have cost the treasury in two years not less than four millions of dollars. While the government is still exposed to the risk of some dishonest men being found among its 2,300 storekeepers and gaugers, the checks which have been applied to test the accuracy of their reports render the task of fraudulent collusion with distillers exceedingly difficult.

The Epizootic.

A New Hampshire journal makes known to the public that the speediest way to cure the epizootic and make a horse thoroughly happy is to give him onions. In proof thereof the case of a Portsmouth horse is cited, which had a severe attack of the disease, and his owner placed half a dozen onions in the crib with his regular food. The horse tackled three of the onions immediately, and by the time he had swallowed them began to cough and sneeze and prance about, appearing quite indignant, and refusing to touch the remaining onions. For full five minutes he wept at the nose, and then—he was a cured horse. He has not had a cough, a sneeze, nor any symptom of the epizootic since, but he did have the courage to eat the onions remaining in the crib the next day after the cure.

THE BUFFALO BILL SCHOOL.

A Writer Tells us Something About Them and their Peculiarities.

A writer in *Harper's*, describing the Western towns which spring up so suddenly on lines of new roads, says: The most astonishing crop the plains ever produced was the one of "Bill" heroes. If an ambitious frontiersman named William chanced to see an Indian or kill a few bison, he at once took unto his name an addition, and became a character. But let it not be supposed he was a hero among his companions. To them he ever remained plain Bill, or, at the best, with a Jones or Brown added, as the case might be. I remember one particular teamster whose name was William Hobbs. He could not have placed a bullet from his carbine in a barn door at one hundred paces. And yet, without any provocation whatever, he seized upon the word California and wore it, although that wonderful State had never, to my certain knowledge, been favored with his presence. This man had not been cut out for a hero. His becoming one was in direct violation of nature's laws. He was fat, short of wind, red-faced, and timid as a hare. As the frontiersmen expressed it, having never lost any Indians, he could not be induced by any consideration to find one. However, by lying in wait for tourists and correspondents, he often managed to get business as a guide. He had donned a suit of buckskin made in St. Louis, and would state to the gaping stranger: "My name's California Bill here; over thar it's 'Pache, on 'count of my fightin' the tribe." He could not have told one of the latter from a Digger; yet soon the Eastern papers came back with thrilling descriptions of this noted scout and Indian slayer.

Iron muscles wrapped in buckskin, piercing eyes, a dead shot at red skins, and so forth. And yet I have known this dead shot to miss, four times in succession, a bison at fifty yards; and on one occasion, having mistaken a Mexican herder for an Indian, he fled so fast and far that he lost hat and pistol and ruined his horse. After this he was fain to go East and perambulate New York in long hair and dirty buckskin, and be heralded by open-mouthed newsboys as "Forty Bill, the feller what chaws up the Injun nation." These specimens are also apt to fall upon some cheap story writer, who embalms them as heroes, and gives them the *entree* of saloons and hotels. But when forced back by want to the haunts of the frontier, the breeches of skin, broad hat, and swagger are put away, and the usual garments of the plain adopted. Out there, where the poverty of spirit lurking beneath is known, a lion's skin does not change the character of the animal borrowing it.

Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill, whom I met often on the plains, much more fairly deserved their names. The former I knew first as teamster, then bartender, and finally scout. He certainly knew more about the plains than any one I ever met. Wild Bill, during the years that I was cognizant of his actions, filled at intervals the positions of scout, saloon keeper, refugee, and sheriff. The number of persons I knew him to kill was five, three at Hays and two at Abilene. It seems as if such men as Bill were designed by Providence to act as a rort of carnivore for keeping down the increase of their species. In all of my residence upon the frontier, during which time sixty-two graves were filled by violence, in no case was the murder otherwise than a benefit to society. The dangerous class killed within its own circle, but never courted justice by shedding better blood. Orderly people looked on with something like satisfaction, as at wolves rending each other. The snarl was the click of a revolver, and the bite followed the bark. These were the men who gloried in snuffing out a candle or a life at thirty paces.

I remember one instance in which the power of mind over the brute force represented by these characters was oddly developed. The writer was one of a party which embraced Senator Ben Wade, and which had paused for a night's rest at the new town. Retiring to our rooms in the hastily constructed hotel, we listened on the creaking beds to the strange sounds around. The partitions between apartments were but six feet high, and sound flowed freely over the whole floor. Under the window was a tumult of drunken Texans, and a man in some far off room was having a desperate struggle with his boots. They were tight, and he was "tight;" and after a fruitless struggle we heard him crawling between the sheets with the remark: "If the landlord wants them boots off, let him come and take them off himself." We knew when anybody was turning over, or when a brush was laid down in any part of the house. Every creak and stamp and snore was reported faithfully to our ears.

Presently there arose an unusual brawl in the office below, and up the main stairs came stumbling a drunken Texan. He knew that Senator Wade was in town, but had no idea he was in this particular house. We could hear him all the way up anathematizing the Senator, and fate in a wild freak plunged him into the room adjoining Wade's. Sprawling upon the bed, our Texan, in drunken accents, commenced informing the powers of the night that he wished the Indians would "scalp old Ben Wade," as he had no business "comin' into this yere country." Over and over again was the wish loudly expressed, to the annoyance of all on the floor, but none dared remonstrate. Soon the Senator's bed creaked ominously. We were alarmed. Ohio wrath was evidently rising, and visions of bloody encounters with long-haired Texans came before us. As the rude speech again came forth, a deep voice issued out of the Senator's castle. Slowly and emphatically, as if addressing his colleagues, came the words: "Old Ben Wade had rather be scalped by the Indians than kept awake all night by the twaddle of a drunken fool." Texas was struck dumb. The physical bully quailed from unexpected contact with the intellectual giant. Up to that moment none of the guests had known of Mr. Wade's presence. As the silence continued in Texan's apartment, there came subdued snickers from all around, then one bold laugh, and immediately after a chorus of cheers and shouts from every sleeping pen. In the midst of these the man from the tall grass country shuffled down stairs.

Wheat in New York.

The number of acres of wheat under cultivation in the State of New York in 1850 was 12,408,964; in 1870, 15,627,206; increase, 3,218,242, or twenty-six per cent., while the wheat crop, which should have gained in the same ratio, fell off nearly eight per cent.

Winter wheat was the chief crop in western New York from the earliest settlement until about twenty years ago, when winter killing, the midge and other annoyances led many farmers to the cultivation of other cereals or fruits. Still winter and spring wheat are largely grown, though the yield seems to grow smaller year by year.

When the Western States began to send down their vast crops of wheat the farmers of New York looked around for other crops. They devoted more land to barley, oats, corn and potatoes, and made some successful experiments in tobacco. Buckwheat, hops, broom corn and hay were looked after, and certain localities were devoted to one or two articles.

A Butter Trier.

An Auburn paper tells this delightful story: Saturday morning a woman approached the stall of a market man in Williamsport and asked if he had any good butter. The man informed her that he had a prime article, at the same time unfolding a fine roll from a clean white cloth, which he exhibited. The woman seized it like a tiger, and held it up to her nose, and then deliberately reaching back of her head drew forth a hair pin and jammed it deep into the butter. As she drew the pin through her mouth, she shook her head, and remarked that it wasn't good, and adjusting the pin she moved on.

During the great Texas cyclone, September 14 18, there was not a single flash of lightning, nor was any disturbance of telegraph wires experienced.

BURR AND HAMILTON.

Their Famous Duel, Resulting in the Death of Hamilton.

The duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton was fought early on the morning of July 11, 1804. The preliminary correspondence had begun on the 20th of June, William P. Van Ness being the friend of Burr, and Judge Nathaniel Pendleton acting for Hamilton. The challenge was at length given by Burr and accepted, and the parties prepared for the meeting. Hamilton executed his will, stating several reasons why he should not fight a duel, but still yielding to the prevailing sentiments and demands of the time. Burr, the night before, wrote some letters, and then lay down and slept till morning.

The spot selected for the combat was at Weehawken, in Hudson county, New Jersey, about two miles and a half above Hoboken, and opposite Sixty-fourth street of New York. It was a quiet nook in the rock above the North river shore.

Ten full paces were measured, and then they cast lots for the choice of position and to decide who should give the word. General Hamilton's second won in both cases. The pistols were then loaded in the presence of all, and the principals placed. Hamilton's position faced the river and the city. It was unfortunate, for the sun and the glancing waves might have interfered. But in the end it mattered not. Burr was faced toward the heights under which they stood.

Judge Pendleton handed the pistol to Hamilton, and asked:

"Will you have the hair-spring set?"

"Not this time," was the quiet answer.

Pendleton then explained the rules under which they were to fire, as follows: "The parties being stationed, the second who gives the word shall ask them whether they are ready. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he shall say 'Present!' After this the parties shall present, and fire when they please. If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say, 'One, two, three—fire!' and he shall then fire, or lose his fire."

Pendleton asked if they were ready. Upon being answered, he gave the word "Present!" Both parties presented, and fired in succession. The seconds did not precisely agree as to the succession of shots, but it is believed that Burr fired first, and that Hamilton's shot was involuntary. Colonel Burr's shot took effect, and Hamilton fell almost instantly against the bowsider, his pistol going off at the moment.

Burr then advanced toward Hamilton with an air and gesture expressive of regret. But being urged from the field by his friend, he turned about and withdrew, his friend shielding him with an umbrella to prevent recognition by the boatmen and surgeon, who were then approaching. Burr returned home to breakfast.

Hamilton's second sprang forward and lifted the general to a sitting posture. The ball had struck the middle of a rib and fractured it, and then lodged in his spine. Dr. Hosack says: "His countenance of death I shall never forget. He had at that instant just strength enough to say: 'This is a mortal wound, doctor,' when he sank away and became to all appearances lifeless. His pulses were not to be felt, and upon laying my hand upon his heart and perceiving no motion there, I considered him as irrevocably gone. I, however, observed to Mr. Pendleton that the only chance for his reviving was immediately to get him upon the water. We therefore lifted him up and carried him out of the woods to the margin of the bank, where the bargemen aided us in conveying him into the boat, which immediately put out."

Before they reached the opposite shore he revived, and from a remark he made seemed apparently unconscious that his pistol had been discharged. He was taken to the house of a friend, Mr. Bayard, at Greenwich, and survived until the next day about two P. M., when he died in the forty-eighth year of his age. Hamilton's town residence was at No. 52 Cedar street, and his family were at the Grange, but he was buried in Trinity churchyard, from the residence of Mr. Church, his brother-in-law, in Robinson street, now Park place.

An examination the next day, as to the direction of Hamilton's ball, showed that it had passed through the limb of the cedar tree, about twelve feet from the ground, and four feet wide of the direct line between him and Burr.

Fur Trimmings.

Fur trimmings are the most fashionable garniture for sacks, cloaks, and heavy wraps of all cloths, silks, and velvet, the *Bazar* tells us. There is an endless variety of trimming furs, some of which we have already quoted, but the caprice of the season is for dark furs that have white-tipped hairs; and so popular are these that furriers have resorted to sewing gray or white hairs in the dark furs when nature has not supplied them. Of the latter is a fancy fur called silver otter, which is a black fur with silver hairs sewed or even pasted in. This is of no real value, but is the fancy of the moment, a fashion for a season. It is really beaver fur dyed black, and this, when the white hairs are inserted, costs $8 a yard. Black marten in its natural color is also given a factitious value by adding these white hairs, and is sold for $4 a yard. These furs are really imitations of the fine sea-otter which, in its best qualities, is supplied by nature with these "silver points" or fine white glossy hairs: this fine fur is among the choicest trimmings for velvet, seal, and silk cloaks, and costs from $6 to $15 a yard. The plain otter fur ranges from $8 to $12. Beaver borders cost from $6 to $10. The most expensive of all fur trimmings are the sable-tail borders, ranging in price from $20 to $50 a yard. A showy inexpensive trimming, resembling chinchilla and quite as durable, is made from silver 'coon skins, and sold from $2 to $5. Gray fox furs have also a very good effect on gray, brown, black, or blue fabrics, and cost from $1.50 to $7.50 a yard. The cony trimmings vary in shade, and are called black, brown, gray, silver, or white cony, according to color. They are much used for trimming children's clothing, and are very low priced, ranging from forty cents to sixty-five cents a yard.

Tough Shooting.

Rev. Mr. Murray tells, in his *Golden Rule*, his experience in target shooting. Of his rifle he says: "It is superior to human control. It is inherently independent as to the range and direction of its projectile. It will shoot where it has a mind to, in spite of all one can do. It will hit everything but the target. It shoots as a cross-eyed man does, the Lord only knows where. The more you practice with it, the more you are amazed at its eccentricities. You aim at a barn, and you hit a house. You shoot at a cat sitting on a well curb, and you kill a sheep in the next lot. You put up a target in one town, and a sheriff waits upon you the next morning to inform you that you have killed several of the principal citizens who lived in the next, besides women and children." He relates that he went to a company shoot in Connecticut, when similarly erratic firearms were used, and he was appointed marker. He took his position fifty feet to one side of the target, but at the first shot he doubled the distance, at the second hid behind a stone wall, and at the third died with all his might. "We tore down the road," says the reverend story teller, "toward the depot, with a stride that lengthened an inch at every explosion behind us. The engineer of the lightning express saw us coming, and, supposing some dreadful danger was ahead, slowed up, and the rapidity with which we went through one of those car doors and got into the seat behind the stove made everybody look around. We didn't feel really safe until we had got beyond Stamford."

Twenty forts and a large number of provisional camps are being constructed in a circle, about twelve miles from Paris, and will be completed in 1878, three years sooner than was anticipated,

The Fence Story.

A man who prided himself on his morality, who was constantly saying: "I am doing pretty well, on the whole; I sometimes get mad and swear, but then I am strictly honest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life"—this man once hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot, and gave him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said:

"Well, Jock, is the fence built, and is it tight and strong?"

"I cannot say it is all tight and strong," replied Jock, "but it is a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there a yard wide or so, but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a very good fence on the whole, and will like it, though I canna just say that it's perfect in every part."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point. "Do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak places in it, and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there's one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the Scotchman, "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, seems to me that we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence won't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do in the day of judgment. When I was on shipboard, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried: 'Let go the anchor!' But the mate shouted back: 'There is a broken link in the cable.' Did the captain say, when he heard that: 'No matter, it's only one link; the rest of the chain is good. Ninety-nine of the one hundred links are strong. Its average is high. It only lacks one per cent. of being perfect. Surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away from it.' No, indeed; he shouted: 'Get another chain!'

"He knew that a chain with one broken link was no chain at all. That he might as well throw the anchor overboard without any cable as with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable it is not safe to trust it. We had better throw it away and try to get a new one that we know is perfect."

How Franklin Secured a Seat.

Dr. Franklin owed much of his extraordinary success to his keen insight into human nature and a sagacity that quickly perceived the best and readiest method of obtaining a desired end. To be sure, many of his strategic movements were not always commendable, but they were more humorous than injurious, of which the following is a characteristic spec me n.

In the year 1 7 2 Franklin visited Boston, and on his return to Philadelphia, at every stopping place he was beset with officious inquiries for his name, business, etc., on which he determined to be beforehand with such interrogatories in future. At the next tavern he registered himself as Benjamin Franklin, from Boston to Philadelphia, a printer not worth a dollar, eighteen years of age, a single man who is seeking his fortune, etc., and this singular introduction checked all further inquiries, and effectually repulsed the daring propensities of Yankee inquisitiveness. At one of the public houses the fireplace was surrounded by men so closely packed that our traveler could not approach near enough to feel any of its agreeable warmth, and being cold and chilled he called out:

"Hostler, have you any oysters?"

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"Well, then, give my horse a peck."

"What, give your horse oysters?"

"Yes," retorted Franklin, "give him a peck of oysters."

The hostler carried out the oysters and many of the occupants of the fireplace went with him to witness the great curiosity of a horse eating oysters. Franklin seated himself comfortably before the fire and arrived much satisfaction and enjoyment from the funny experiment. Soon the hostler came in, and the company with rueful faces expressed most decided dissatisfaction at their disappointment.

"The horse would not eat the oysters, sir," and they had lost their cozy, comfortable, warm seats.

"Well, if the horse won't eat them, I'll eat them myself, and you may try him with a peck of oats."

Shoe dealer—"I find we have no number twelve shoes, sir; but here is a pair of large mines." Customer—"Mines! Do you take me for Cinderella?"

M. Quad's new book, "Quad's Odds," is meeting with a very large sale. Mr. Lewis has made a solid reputation as a wit, and everybody reads his funny things with pleasure.

A wash that would usually take all day with ordinary soap, can be done in three hours, with Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Phila.), and it cannot injure the finest fabric. Try it. *

All who have heard of little Charlie Ross should read the beautiful new book, entitled "Cherry the Singer," published by Edward A. Samuels, 125 Tremont st., Boston. Possibly it may lead to the recovery of the stolen child, as the character of the little hero of the book is partially founded on his own life and abduction. Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of one dollar.—*Com.*

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest hair dressing in the world. It kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of hair.

Have you a severe wrench or sprain? Have you rheumatism in any form? Have you stiff neck, or bunches caused by rheumatic pains? If so, *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* is a specific remedy, used internally and externally.—*Com.*

THOUSANDS SPEAK.—Vegetine is acknowledged and recommended by physicians and apothecaries to be the best purifier and alterative of the blood yet discovered, and thousand speak in its praise who have been restored to health.

We often see a large stock of cattle which do not seem to thrive, and come out "spring poor," all for want of something to start them in the right direction. One dollar's worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, given to such a stock occasionally during the winter, would be worth more than an extra half ton of hay.—*Com.*

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.—No family should be without some efficacious remedy for the cure of affections so universally prevalent as coughs, colds, sore throat, whooping-cough and croup—some remedy, too, which can be relied on as safe, sure and certain. *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* combines the *desideratum*. Fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, large bottles much the cheaper.—*Com.*

AN ACCIDENTAL CURE.—When death was hourly expected from consumption, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives the recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also eases night sweats, pauses at the stomach, and will break a frosh cold in 24 hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race St., Phila., Pa., naming this paper.—*Com.*

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure.

SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, ETC.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most inveterate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, ETC.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver without the least danger, as they are free from calomel and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, create a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic g